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HOLLAND

My Nephew; about to be
married, whom I last
saw in a baby Carriage.

J. Lincoln Pearson,

Oct. 1908.

h.

NLI

POEMS WE LOVE

Selected and Arranged
by
LEIGH MITCHELL HODGES

Author of

"THE GREAT OPTIMIST"
"THE WORTH OF SERVICE"
"THE LIFE WORTH WHILE"



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To
MY MOTHER
WHO WAS MY FIRST GUIDE AMONG
THE PATHS OF POETRY, I LOVINGLY
DEDICATE THIS VOLUME.

Permon 3 May 1938 Billings Fork



FOREWORD

In this book I have put not only poems that are loved, but some less known which seem to me lovable. My wish is to make it the foundation for an anthology wherein one need not read much to enjoy a little. I shall therefore welcome suggestions born of a sincere desire to assist in the upbuilding of a structure such as is justified by the rich material available.

LEIGH MITCHELL HODGES.
Overbrook, Pennsylvania
September 1906.



ACKNOWLEDGMENT

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ELEGY WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY CHURCHYARD

THE curfew tolls the knell of
parting day,
The lowing herd winds
slowly o'er the lea,
The plowman homeward
plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkness and
to me.

Now fades the glimmering landscape on
the sight,
And all the air a solemn stillness
holds,
Save where the beetle wheels his droning
flight,
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant
folds;

Save that from yonder ivy-mantled tower
The moping owl does to the moon
complain
Of such as, wand'ring near her secret
bower,
Molest her ancient solitary reign.

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-
tree's shade,

Where heaves the turf in many a
mould'ring heap,

Each in his narrow cell forever laid,
The rude Forefathers of the hamlet
sleep.

The breezy call of incense-breathing
Morn,

The swallow twitt'ring from the straw-
built shed,

The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing
horn,

No more shall rouse them from their
lowly bed.

For them no more the blazing hearth
shall burn,

Or busy housewife ply her evening
care;

No children run to lisp their sire's re-
turn,

Or climb his knees the envied kiss to
share.

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield,
Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe
has broke;

How jocund did they drive their team
afield!

How bowed the woods beneath their
sturdy stroke!

Let not Ambition mock their useful
toil,

Their homely joys, and destiny ob-
scure;

Nor Grandeur hear, with a disdainful
smile,

The short and simple annals of the
poor.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of
power,

And all that beauty, all that wealth
e'er gave,

Await like the inevitable hour.

The paths of glory lead but to the
grave.

Nor you, ye Proud, impute to these the
fault,

If Mem'ry o'er their tomb no trophies
raise,

Where thro' the long-drawn aisle and
fretted vault
The pealing anthem swells the note of
praise.

Can storied urn or animated bust
Back to its mansion call the fleeting
breath?
Can Honour's voice provoke the silent
dust,
Or Flatt'ry soothe the dull, cold ear of
Death?

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
Some heart once pregnant with celest-
tial fire;
Hands that the rod of empire might have
swayed,
Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre.

But Knowledge to their eyes her ample
page
Rich with the spoils of time did ne'er
unroll;
Chill Penury repressed their noble rage,
And froze the genial current of the
soul.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene
The dark unfathomed caves of ocean
bear;

Full many a flower is born to blush un-
seen
And waste its sweetness on the desert
air.

Some village-Hampden that with daunt-
less breast

The little tyrant of his fields with-
stood;

Some mute, inglorious Milton here may
rest,

Some Cromwell guiltless of his coun-
try's blood.

Th' applause of list'ning senates to com-
mand,

The threats of pain and ruin to de-
spise,

To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
And read their history in a nation's
eyes.

Their lot forbad; nor circumscribed
alone

Their growing virtues, but their crimes
confined;

Forbad to wade through slaughter to a
throne,
And shut the gates of mercy on man-
kind,

The struggling pangs of conscious truth
to hide,
To quench the blushes of ingenuous
shame,
Or heap the shrine of Luxury and Pride
With incense kindled at the Muse's
flame.

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble
strife
Their sober wishes never learned to
stray;
Along the cool, sequestered vale of life
They kept the noiseless tenor of their
way.

Yet ev'n these bones from insult to pro-
tect
Some frail memorial still erected nigh,
With uncouth rhimes and shapeless sculp-
ture decked,
Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.

[14]

Their name, their years, spelt by th' un-
lettered Muse,

The place of fame and elegy supply ;
And many a holy text around she strews,
That teach the rustic moralist to die.

For who, to dumb Forgetfulness a prey,
This pleasing, anxious being e'er re-
signed,

Left the warm precincts of the cheerful
day,

Nor cast one longing ling'ring look
behind ?

On some fond breast the parting soul
relies,

Some pious drops the closing eye re-
quires ;

Ev'n from the tomb the voice of Nature
cries,

Ev'n in our ashes live their wonted
fires.

For thee, who mindful of th' unhonored
Dead

Dost in these lines their artless tale
relate,

If chance, by lonely contemplation led,
Some kindred spirit shall inquire thy
fate,

Haply some hoary-headed swain may
say:

“Oft have we seen him at the peep of
dawn
Brushing with hasty steps the dews
away
To meet the sun upon the upland
lawn.

“There at the foot of yonder nodding
beech,
That wreathes its old fantastic roots
so high,
His listless length at noon-tide would
he stretch,
And pore upon the brook that bab-
bles by.

“Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in
scorn,
Mutt’ring his wayward fancies he
would rove,

Now drooping, woful-wan, like one for-
lorn,

Or crazed with care, or crossed in
hopeless love.

“One morn I missed him on the ’cus-
tomed hill,

Along the heath and near his fav’rite
tree;

Another came; nor yet beside the rill,
Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood
was he;

“The next with dirges due in sad array
Slow through the church-way path
we saw him borne.

Approach and read (for thou can’st
read) the lay,

’Graved on the stone beneath yon
aged thorn.”

THE EPITAPH

*Here rests his head upon the lap of
Earth*

*A Youth, to Fortune and to Fame
unknown.*

*Fair Science frowned not on his humble
birth,*

*And Melancholy marked him for her
own,*

*Large was his bounty, and his soul sin-
cere,*

*Heav'n did a recompense as largely
send;*

*He gave to Misery all he had, a tear,
He gained from Heav'n ('twas all he
wished) a friend.*


*No farther seek his merits to disclose,
Or draw his frailties from their dread
abode,*

*(There they alike in trembling hope re-
pose,)*

The Bosom of his Father and his God.

—Thomas Gray.

IN SCHOOL-DAYS

 **TILL** sits the school-house
by the road,
A ragged beggar sunning;
Around it still the sumachs
grow,
And blackberry-vines are running.

Within, the Master's desk is seen,
Deep scarred by raps official;
The warping floor, the battered seats,
The jack-knife's carved initial;

The charcoal frescoes on its wall;
Its door's worn sill, betraying
The feet that, creeping slow to school,
Went storming out to playing!

Long years ago a winter sun
Shone over it at setting;
Lit up its western window-panes
And low eaves' icy fretting.

It touched the tangled golden curls
And brown eyes full of grieving
Of one who still her steps delayed
When all the school were leaving.

For near her stood the little boy
Her childish favor singled,
His cap pulled low upon a face
Where pride and shame were mingled.

Pushing with restless feet the snow
To right and left, he lingered;—
As restlessly her tiny hands
The blue-checked apron fingered.

He saw her lift her eyes; he felt
The soft hand's light caressing,
And heard the tremble of her voice,
As if a fault confessing.

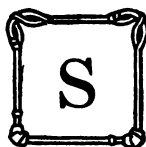
"I'm sorry that I spelt the word:
I hate to go above you,
Because,"—the brown eyes lower fell,—
"Because, you see, I love you!"

Still memory to a gray-haired man
That sweet child-face is showing.
Dear girl! the grasses on her grave
Have forty years been growing!

He lives to learn, in life's hard school,
How few who pass above him
Lament their triumph and his loss,
Like her,—because they love him.

—*John Greenleaf Whittier.*

CRADLE SONG



WEET and low, sweet and
low,
Wind of the western sea,
Low, low, breathe and blow,
Wind of the western sea!
Over the rolling waters go,
Come from the dying moon, and blow,
Blow him again to me:
While my little one, while my pretty
one sleeps.

Sleep and rest, sleep and rest,
Father will come to thee soon:
Rest, rest, on mother's breast,
Father will come to thee soon;
Father will come to his babe in the nest,
Silver sails all out of the west
Under the silver moon:
Sleep, my little one, sleep, my pretty
one, sleep.

—*Alfred, Lord Tennyson.*

FAREWELL



HE crimson sunset faded into
gray;
Upon the murmurous sea
the twilight fell;
The last warm breath of the
delicious day
Passed with a mute farewell.

Above my head, in the soft purple sky,
A wild note sounded like a shrill-voiced
bell;
Three gulls met, wheeled, and parted with
a cry
That seemed to say "Farewell!"

I watched them; one sailed east, and one
soared west,
And one went floating south; while
like a knell
That mournful cry the empty sky pos-
sessed,
"Farewell, farewell, farewell!"

"Farewell!" I thought, it is the earth's
one speech;
All human voices the sad chorus swell;

Though mighty love to heaven's high
gate may reach,
Yet must he say "Farewell!"

The rolling world is girdled with the
sound,
Perpetually breathed from all who
dwell

Upon its bosom, for no place is found
Where is not heard "Farewell!"

"Farewell, farewell!" — from wave to
wave 'tis tossed,
From wind to wind: earth has one tale
to tell;
All other sounds are dulled and drowned
and lost
In this one cry, "Farewell!"

—*Celia Thaxter.*

THE BLESSED DAMOZEL



HE blessed damozel leaned
out
From the gold bar of
Heaven;

Her eyes were deeper than
the depth
Of waters stilled at even;
She had three lilies in her hand,
And the stars in her hair were seven.

Her robe, ungirt from clasp to hem,
No wrought flowers did adorn,
But a white rose of Mary's gift,
For service neatly worn,
Her hair that lay along her back
Was yellow like ripe corn.

Her seemed she scarce had been a day
One of God's choristers;
The wonder was not yet quite gone
From that still look of hers;
Albeit, to them she left, her day
Had counted as ten years.

* * * *

It was the rampart of God's house
That she was standing on;
By God built over the sheer depth
The which is Space begun;
So high that looking downward thence
She scarce could see the sun.

It lies in Heaven, across the flood
Of ether, as a bridge.
Beneath, the tides of day and night
With flame and darkness ridge
The void, as low as where this earth
Spins like a fretful midge.

Around her, lovers, newly met
'Mid deathless love's acclaims
Spoke evermore among themselves
Their heart-remembered names;
And the souls mounting up to God
Went by her like thin flames.

And still she bowed herself and stooped
Out of the circling charm,
Until her bosom must have made
The bar she leaned on warm,
And the lilies lay as if asleep
Along her bended arm.

From the fixed place of Heaven she saw
Time like a pulse shake fierce

Through all the worlds. Her gaze still
strove

Within the gulf to pierce
Its path; and now she spoke as when
The stars sang in their spheres.

* * * *

"I wish that he were come to me,
For he will come," she said.

"Have I not prayed in Heaven?—on
earth,

Lord, Lord, has he not prayed?
Are not two prayers a perfect strength?
And shall I feel afraid?"

* * * *

She gazed and listened, and then said,
Less sad of speech than mild,—
"All this is when he comes." She ceased.
The light thrilled towards her, fill'd
With angels in strong level flight.
Her eyes prayed, and she smil'd.

(I saw her smile.) But soon their path
Was vague in distant spheres;
And then she cast her arms along
The golden barriers,
And laid her face between her hands
And wept. (I heard her tears.)

—*Dante Gabriel Rossetti.*

SONNET FROM THE
PORTUGUESE

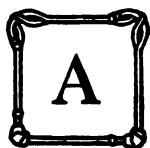


FIRST time he kissed me, he
but only kissed
The fingers of this hand
wherewith I write,
And ever since it grew more
clean and white, . . .
Slow to world-greetings . . . quick
with its "Oh, list,"
When the angels speak. A ring of
amethyst
I could not wear here plainer to my
sight,
Than that first kiss. The second passed
in height
The first, and sought the forehead, and
half missed,
Half falling on the hair. O beyond
need!
That was the chrism of love which love's
own crown,
With sanctifying sweetness, did pre-
cede.
The third upon my lips was folded
down
In perfect, purple state! since when
indeed,
I have been proud and said, "My love,
my own."

—*Elizabeth Barrett Browning.*

[27]

TO SLEEP

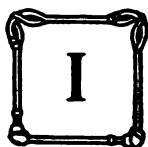


FLOCK of sheep that leisurely pass by,
One after one; the sound
of rain, and bees
Murmuring; the fall of
rivers, winds and seas,
Smooth fields, white sheets of water, and
pure sky;
By turns have all been thought of, yet I
lie
Sleepless; and soon the small birds'
melodies
Must hear, first uttered from my orchard trees;
And the first Cuckoo's melancholy cry.
Even thus last night, and two nights
more, I lay,
And could not win thee, Sleep! by any
stealth:
So do not let me wear to-night away:
Without Thee what is all the morning's
wealth?
Come, blessed barrier between day and
day,
Dear mother of fresh thoughts and joyous
health!

—*William Wordsworth.*

[28]

"I REMEMBER, I REMEMBER."



REMEMBER, I remember,
The house where I was
born,
The little window where the
sun
Came peeping in at morn.
He never came a wink too soon,
Nor brought too long a day;
But now I often wish the night
Had borne my breath away!

I remember, I remember
The roses, red and white,
The violets, and the lily-cups,—
Those flowers made of light!
The lilacs where the robin built,
And where my brother set
The laburnum on his birthday,—
The tree is living yet!

I remember, I remember
Where I was used to swing,
And thought the air must rush as fresh
To swallows on the wing.

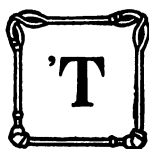
My spirit flew in feathers then,
That is so heavy now,
The summer pools could hardly cool
The fever on my brow!

I remember, I remember
The fir-trees dark and high;
I used to think their slender tops
Were close against the sky.
It was a childish ignorance,
But now 'tis little joy
To know I'm farther off from heaven
Than when I was a boy.

• —*Thomas Hood.*

ODE ON THE DEATH OF A FAVOURITE CAT

Drowned in a tub of gold fishes

 WAS on a lofty vase's side,
Where China's gayest art
had dyed
The azure flowers that
blow;
Demurest of the tabby kind,
The pensive Selima, reclined,
Gazed on the lake below.

Her conscious tail her joy declared;
The fair round face, the snowy beard,
The velvet of her paws,
Her coat, that with the tortoise vies,
Her ears of jet, and emerald eyes,
She saw; and purred applause.

Still had she gazed; but 'midst the tide
Two angel forms were seen to glide,
The Genii of the stream;
Their scaly armour's Tyrian hue
Through richest purple to the view
Betrayed a golden gleam.

[31]

The hapless nymph with wonder saw
A whisker first and then a claw;
With many an ardent wish,
She stretched in vain to reach the prize.
What female heart can gold despise?
What Cat's averse to fish?

Presumptuous maid! with looks intent
Again she stretched, again she bent,
Nor knew the gulf between.
(Malignant Fate sat by and smiled)
The slippery verge her feet beguiled,
She tumbled headlong in.

Eight times emerging from the flood
She mewed to every wat'ry god
Some speedy aid to send.
No Dolphin came, no Nereid stirred;
No cruel Tom nor Susan heard.
A fav'rite has no friend!

From hence, ye Beauties, undeceived,
Know one false step is ne'er retrieved,
And be with caution bold.
Not all that tempts your wand'ring eyes
And heedless hearts is lawful prize,
Not all that glitters gold.

—*Thomas Gray.*

THE LOST PLEIAD

Like the lost Pleiad seen no more below.—*Bryon.*

AND is there glory from the
heavens departed?
O void unmarked!—thy sis-
ters of the sky
Still hold their place on high,
Though from its rank thine orb so long
hath started,
Thou that no more art seen of mortal
eye!

Hath the night lost a gem, the regal
night?
She wears her crown of old magnifi-
cence,
Though thou art exiled thence—
No desert seems to part those urns of
light,
Midst the far depths of purple gloom
intense.

They rise in joy, the starry myriads
burning—
The shepherd greets them on his moun-
tain free;

And from the silvery sea
To them the sailor's wakeful eye is
turning—

Unchanged they rise, they have not
mourned for thee.

Couldst thou be shaken from thy radiant
place,

Even as the dew-drop from the myrtle
spray,

Swept by the wind away?

Wert thou not peopled by some glorious
race,

And was there power to smite them
with decay?

Why, who shall talk of thrones, of sceptres
riven?

Bowed be our hearts to think on what
we are,

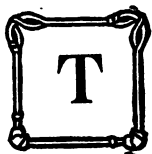
When from its height afar

A world sinks thus—and yon majestic
heaven

Shines not the less for that one van-
ished star!

—*Felicia Hemans.*

THE DESTRUCTION OF SENNACHERIB



THE Assyrian came down like
the wolf on the fold,
And his cohorts were gleam-
ing in purple and gold;
And the sheen of their spears
was like stars on the sea,
When the blue wave rolls nightly on deep
Galilee.

Like the leaves of the forest when sum-
mer is green,
That host with their banners at sunset
were seen;
Like the leaves of the forest when Au-
tumn hath blown,
That host on the morrow lay withered
and strown.

For the Angel of Death spread his wings
on the blast,
And breathed in the face of the foe as he
passed;
And the eyes of the sleepers waxed
deadly and chill,
And their hearts but once heaved and
forever grew still.

And there lay the steed with his nostril
all wide,
But through it there rolled not the
breath of his pride:
And the foam of his gasping lay white
on the turf,
And cold as the spray of the rock-beating
surf.

And there lay the rider, distorted and
pale,
With the dew on his brow and the rust
on his mail;
And the tents were all silent, the banners
alone,
The lances uplifted, the trumpet un-
blown.

And the widows of Ashur are loud in
their wail,
And the idols are broke in the temple of
Baal:
And the might of the Gentile, unsmote
by the sword,
Hath melted like snow in the glance of
the Lord.

—*Lord Byron.*

THE GRASSHOPPER AND THE CRICKET

THE poetry of earth is never
dead;
When all the birds are faint
with the hot sun
And hide in cooling trees,
a voice will run
From hedge to hedge about the new-
mown mead.
That is the grasshopper's—he takes the
lead
In summer luxury, — he has never
done
With his delights; for, when tired out
with fun
He rests at ease beneath some pleasant
weed.
The poetry of earth is ceasing never.
On a lone winter evening, when the
frost
Has wrought a silence, from the stove
there shrills
The cricket's song, in warmth increasing
ever,
And seems, to one in drowsiness half
lost,
The grasshopper's among some grassy
hills.

—*John Keats.*

NEW YEAR'S EVE

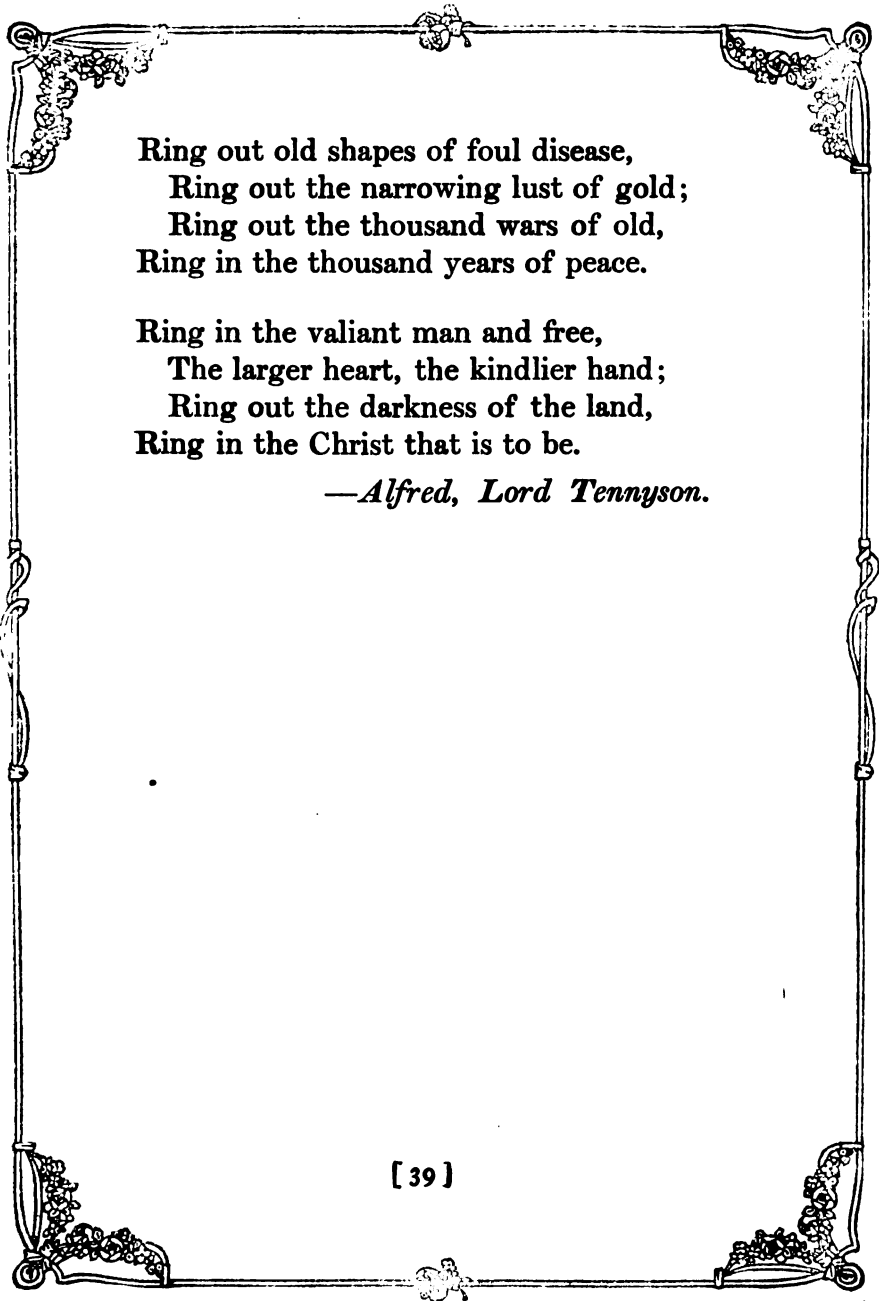
RING out, wild bells, to the
wild sky,
The flying cloud, the frosty
light;
The year is dying in the night;
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

Ring out the old, ring in the new;
Ring, happy bells, across the snow;
The year is going, let him go;
Ring out the false, ring in the true.

Ring out the grief that saps the mind,
For those that here we see no more;
Ring out the feud of rich and poor,
Ring in redress to all mankind.

Ring out a slowly dying cause,
And ancient forms of party strife;
Ring in the nobler modes of life,
With sweeter manners, purer laws.

Ring out false pride in place and blood,
The civic slander and the spite;
Ring in the love of truth and right,
Ring in the common love of good.



Ring out old shapes of foul disease,
Ring out the narrowing lust of gold;
Ring out the thousand wars of old,
Ring in the thousand years of peace.

Ring in the valiant man and free,
The larger heart, the kindlier hand;
Ring out the darkness of the land,
Ring in the Christ that is to be.

—*Alfred, Lord Tennyson.*

ODE ON A GRECIAN URN

THOU still unravish'd bride of
quietness,
Thou foster-child of silence
and slow time,

Sylvan historian, who canst
thus express

A flowery tale more sweetly than our
rhyme:

What leaf-fring'd legend haunts about
thy shape

Of deities or mortals, or of both,

In Tempe or the dales of Arcady?

What men or gods are these? What
maidens loth?

What mad pursuit? What struggle to
escape?

What pipes and timbrels? What
wild ecstasy?

Heard melodies are sweet, but those un-
heard

Are sweeter; therefore, ye soft pipes,
play on;

Not to the sensual ear, but, more en-
dear'd,

Pipe to the spirit ditties of no tone:

Fair youth, beneath the trees, thou canst
not leave

Thy song, nor ever can those trees be
bare;

Bold Lover, never, never canst thou
kiss

Though winning near the goal—yet, do
not grieve;

She cannot fade, though thou hast
not thy bliss,

For ever wilt thou love, and she be
fair!

Ah, happy, happy boughs! that cannot
shed

Your leaves, nor ever bid the spring
adieu;

And happy melodist, unwearied,

For ever piping songs forever new;

More happy love! more happy, happy
love!

For ever warm and still to be enjoy'd,

For ever panting, and for ever young;

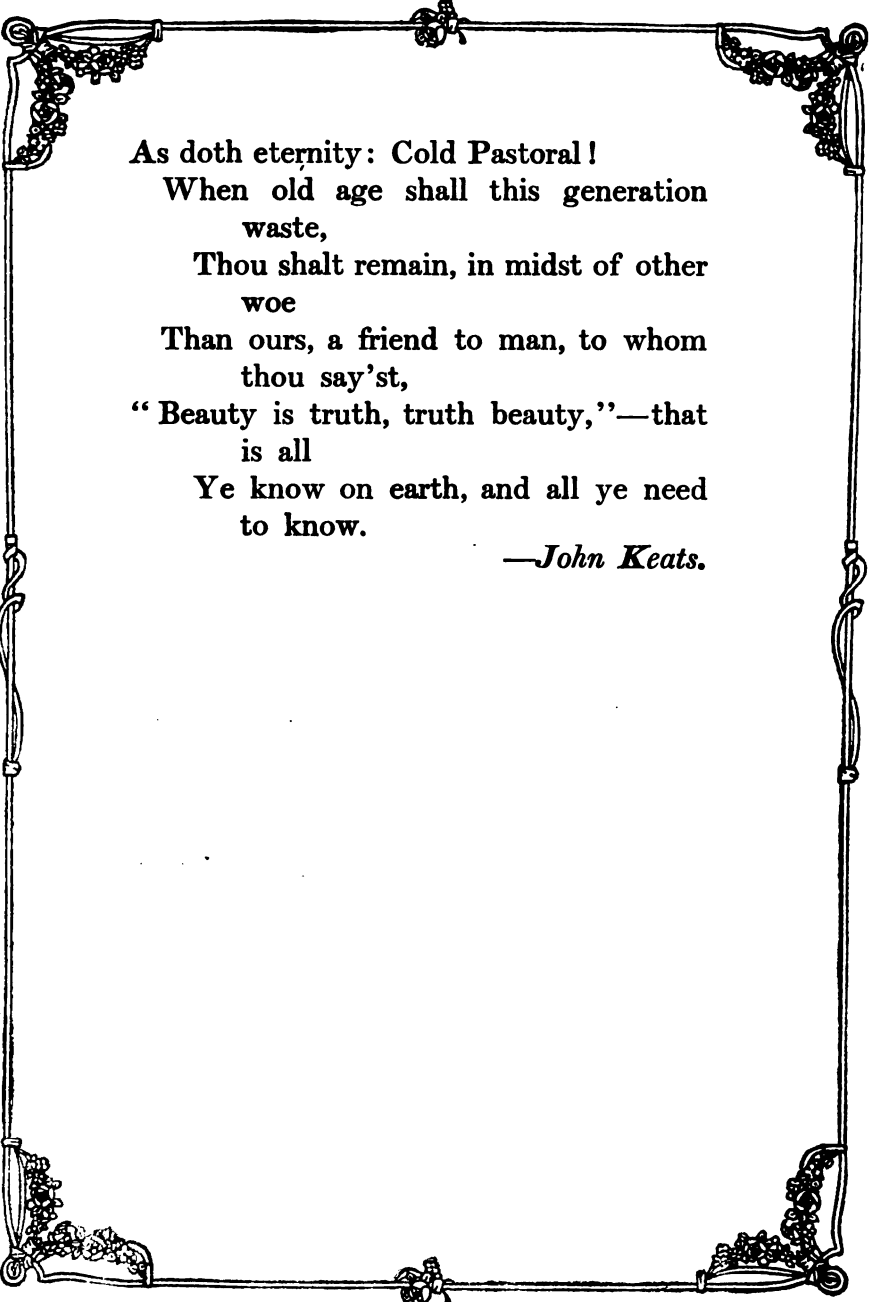
All breathing human passion far above,

That leaves a heart high-sorrowful and
cloy'd,

A burning forehead, and a parching
tongue.

Who are these coming to the sacrifice ?
To what green altar, O mysterious
priest,
Leads't thou that heifer, lowing at the
skies,
And all her silken flanks with garlands
drest ?
What little town by river or sea-shore,
Or mountain—built with peaceful
citadel,
Is emptied of this folk, this pious
morn ?
And, little town, thy streets for ever-
more
Will silent be; and not a soul to tell
Why thou art desolate, can e'er
return.

O Attic shape ! Fair attitude ! with
brede
Of marble men and maidens over-
wrought,
With forest branches and the trodden
weed;
Thou, silent form, dost tease us out of
thought



As doth eternity: Cold Pastoral!
When old age shall this generation
waste,
Thou shalt remain, in midst of other
woe
Than ours, a friend to man, to whom
thou say'st,
"Beauty is truth, truth beauty,"—that
is all
Ye know on earth, and all ye need
to know.

—*John Keats.*

WHERE ?



HERE shall once the wanderer weary
Meet his resting-place and shrine ?

Under palm-trees by the Ganges ?
Under lindens of the Rhine ?

Shall I somewhere in the desert
Owe my grave to stranger hands ?
Or upon some lonely sea-shore
Rest at last beneath the sands ?

'Tis no matter ! God's wide heaven
Must surround me there as here ;
And as death-lamps o'er me swinging
Night by night the stars burn clear.

—*Heinrich Heine.*

THE ARROW AND THE SONG



SHOT an arrow into the air,
It fell to earth, I knew not
where;
For, so swiftly it flew, the
sight

Could not follow it in its flight.

I breathed a song into the air,
It fell to earth, I knew not where;
For who has sight so keen and strong
That it can follow the flight of song?

Long, long afterward, in an oak
I found the arrow, still unbroke;
And the song, from beginning to end,
I found again in the heart of a friend.

—*Henry Wadsworth Longfellow*

AUF WIEDERSEHEN !

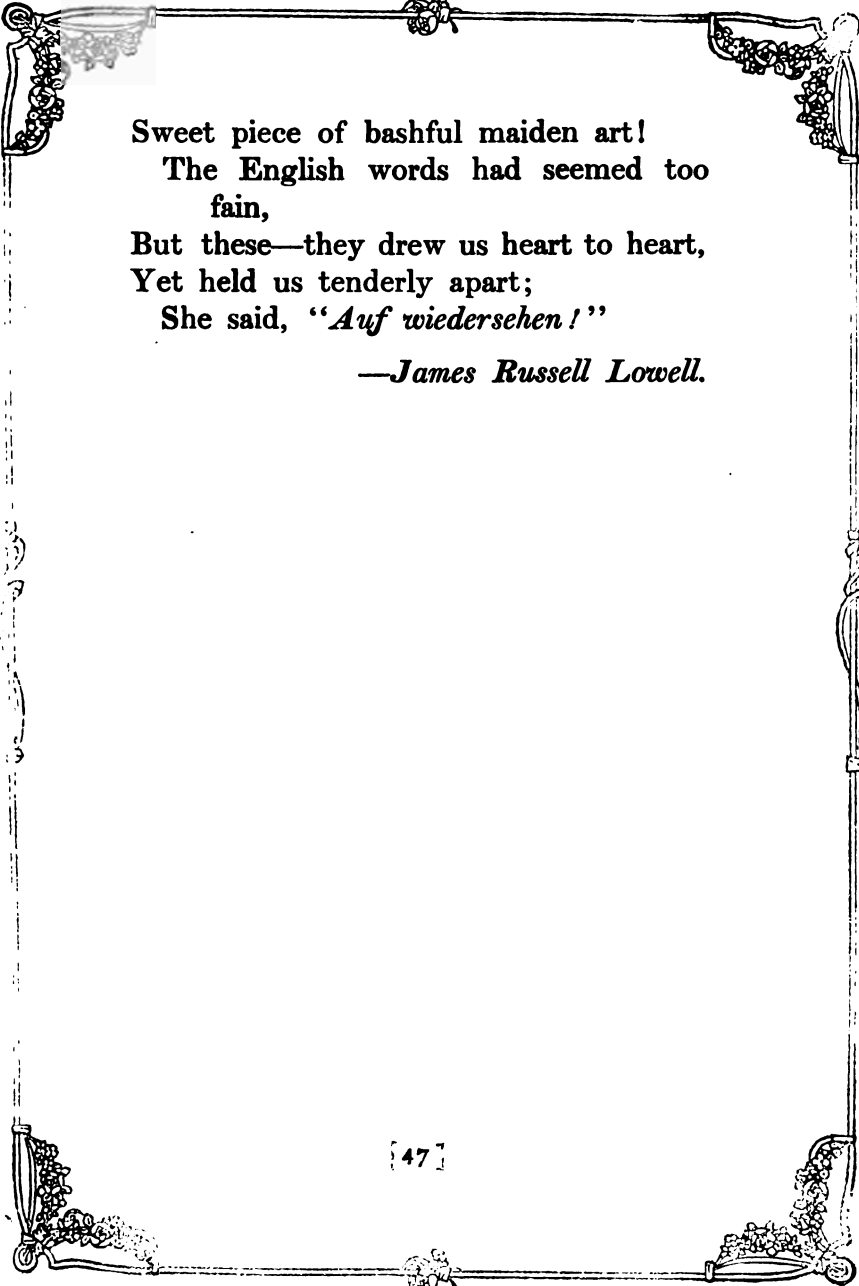
THE little gate was reached at last,
Half hid in lilacs down the lane;

She pushed it wide, and as she past,
A wistful look she backward cast,
And said, "*Auf wiedersehen!*"

With hand on latch, a vision white
Lingered reluctant, and again
Half doubting if she did aright,
Soft as the dews that fell that night,
She said, "*Auf wiedersehen!*"

The lamp's clear gleam flits up the stair;
I linger in delicious pain;
Ah, in that chamber, whose rich air
To breathe in thought I scarcely dare,
Thinks she, "*Auf wiedersehen!*"

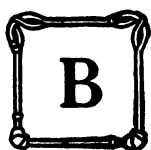
'Tis thirteen years: once more I press
The turf that silences the lane;
I hear the rustle of her dress,
I smell the lilacs, and—ah yes,
I hear, "*Auf wiedersehen!*"



Sweet piece of bashful maiden art!
The English words had seemed too
fain,
But these—they drew us heart to heart,
Yet held us tenderly apart;
She said, "*Auf wiedersehen!*"

—*James Russell Lowell.*

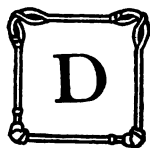
“BREATHES THERE THE
MAN”



BREATHES there the man
with soul so dead
Who never to himself hath
said,
This is my own, my native
land!
Whose heart hath ne'er within him
burned,
As home his footsteps he hath turned
From wandering on a foreign strand!
If such there breathe, go, mark him well;
For him no minstrel raptures swell;
High though his titles, proud his name,
Boundless his wealth as wish can claim,
Despite those titles, power and pelf,
The wretch, concentrated all in self,
Living, shall forfeit fair renown,
And, doubly dying, shall go down
To the vile dust from whence he sprung,
Unwept, unhonored and unsung.

—*Sir Walter Scott.*

TO THE DANDELION



EAR common flower, that
grow'st beside the way,
Fringing the dusty road
with harmless gold,
First pledge of blithsome
May,
Which children pluck, and, full of
pride, uphold,
High-hearted buccaneers, o'erjoyed that
they
An Eldorado in the grass have found
Which not the rich earth's ample
round
May match in wealth—thou art more
dear to me
Than all the prouder Summer-blooms
may be.

Gold such as thine ne'er drew the
Spanish prow
Through the primeval hush of Indian
seas,

Nor wrinkled the lean brow
Of age, to rob the lover's heart of
ease;
'Tis the Spring's largess, which she scat-
ters now
To rich and poor alike, with lavish
hand,
Though most hearts never understand
To take it at God's value, but pass by
The offered wealth with unrewarded eye.

Thou art my tropics and mine Italy;
To look at thee unlocks a warmer
clime;
The eyes thou givest me
Are in the heart, and heed not space or
time:
Not in mid-June the golden-cuirassed
bee
Feels a more Summer-like, warm
ravishment
In the white lily's breezy tent,
His fragrant Sybaris, than I, when first
From the dark green thy yellow circles
burst.

Then think I of deep shadows in the
grass,—

Of meadows where in sun the cattle
graze,

Where, as the breezes pass,

The gleaming rushes lean a thousand
ways,—

Of leaves that slumber in a cloudy mass,

Or whiten in the wind,—of waters blue

That from the distance sparkle through

Some woodland gap,—and of a sky above

Where one white cloud like a stray lamb
doth move.

My childhood's earliest thoughts are
linked with thee;

The sight of thee calls back the robin's
song,

Who from the dark old tree

Beside the door, sang clearly all day
long,

And I, secure in childish piety,

Listened as if I heard an angel sing

With news from Heaven, which he
could bring

Fresh every day to my untainted ears,

When birds and flowers and I were
happy peers.

Thou art the type of those meek charities
Which make up half the nobleness of
life,
Those cheap delights the wise
Pluck from the dusty wayside of earth's
strife,
Words of frank cheer, glances of friendly
eyes,
Love's smallest coin, which yet to
some may give
The morsel that may keep alive
A starving heart, and teach it to behold
Some glimpse of God where all before
was cold.

Thy wingéd seeds, whereof the winds
take care,
Are like the words of poet and of
sage,
Which through the free heaven fare,
And, now unheeded, in another age
Take root, and to the gladdened future
bear
That witness which the present would
not heed,
Bringing forth many a thought and
deed,
And, planted safely in the eternal sky,
Bloom into stars which earth is guided by.

Full of deep love thou art, yet not more
full
Than all thy common brethren of the
ground,
Wherein, were we not dull,
Some words of highest wisdom might
be found;
Yet earnest faith from day to day may
cull
Some syllables, which, rightly joined,
can make
A spell to soothe life's bitterest ache,
And ope Heaven's portals, which are near
us still,
Yea, nearer ever than the gates of Ill.

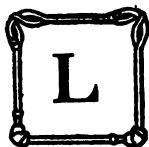
How like a prodigal doth nature seem,
When thou, for all thy gold, so com-
mon art!
Thou teachest me to deem
More sacredly of every human heart,
Since each reflects in joy its scanty gleam
Of Heaven, and could some wondrous
secret show,
Did we but pay the love we owe,
And with a child's undoubting wisdom
look
On all these living pages of God's book.

But let me read thy lesson right or no,
Of one good gift from thee my heart
is sure;
Old I shall never grow
While thou each year dost come to
keep me pure
With legends of my childhood; ah, we
owe
Well more than half life's holiness to
these
Nature's first lowly influences,
At thought of which the heart's glad
doors burst ope,
In dreariest days, to welcome peace and
hope.

—*James Russell Lowell.*

PHILIP, MY KING

*"Who bears upon his baby brow the round
And top of sovereignty."*



LOOK at me with thy large
brown eyes,
Philip, my king!
For round thee the purple
shadow lies
Of babyhood's royal dignities.
Lay on my neck thy tiny hand
With Love's invisible sceptre laden;
I am thine Esther, to command
Till thou shalt find thy queen-hand-
maiden,
Philip, my king!

O, the day when thou goest a-wooing,
Philip, my king!
When those beautiful lips 'gin suing,
And, some gentle heart's bars undoing,
Thou dost enter, love-crowned, and there
Sittest, love-glorified!—Rule kindly,
Tenderly over thy kingdom fair;
For we that love—ah! we love so
blindly,
Philip, my king!

I gaze from thy sweet mouth up to thy
brow,

Philip, my king!

The spirit that there lies sleeping now
May rise like a giant, and make men bow
As to one heaven-chosen amongst his
peers.

My Saul, than thy brethren higher and
fairer,

Let me behold thee in future years!

Yet thy head needeth a circlet rarer,

Philip, my king!

A wreath, not of gold, but palm. One
day,

Philip, my king!

Thou too must tread, as we trod, a way
Thorny, and cruel, and cold, and gray;
Rebels within thee and foes without

Will snatch at thy crown. But march
on, glorious,

Martyr, yet monarch! till angels shout,

As thou sitt'st at the feet of God vic-
torious,

“Philip, the king!”

—*Dinah Maria Craik Mulock.*

THE THREE FISHERS

THREE fishers went sailing
away to the West—
Away to the West as the
sun went down;
Each thought on the woman
who loved him the best,
And the children stood watching them
out of the town;
For men must work and women must
weep,
And there's little to earn and many to
keep,
Though the harbor-bar be moaning.

Three wives sat up in the lighthouse
tower
And trimmed the lamps as the sun
went down;
They looked at the squall, and they
looked at the shower,
And the night-rack came rolling up,
ragged and brown.
But men must work and women must
weep,
Though storms be sudden and waters
deep,
And the harbor-bar be moaning.

Three corpses lay out on the shining
sands

In the morning gleam as the tide went
down,

And the women are weeping and wring-
ing their hands

For those who will never come back to
the town;

For men must work and women must
weep—

And the sooner it's over, the sooner to
sleep—

And good-bye to the bar and its
moaning.

—*Charles Kingsley.*

NATURE



S a fond mother, when the
day is o'er,
Leads by the hand her little
child to bed,
Half-willing, half-reluctant
to be led,
And leave his broken playthings on the
floor,
Still gazing at them through the open
door;
Nor wholly reassured and comforted
By promises of others in their stead,
Which, though more splendid, may not
please him more;
So Nature deals with us, and takes
away
Our playthings one by one, and by the
hand
Leads us to rest so gently that
we go
Scarce knowing if we wish to go or stay,
Being too full of sleep to understand
How far the unknown transcends
the what we know.

—*Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.*

THE LAST LEAF



SAW him once before
As he passed by the door,
And again
The pavement stones re-
sound,
As he totters o'er the ground
With his cane.

They say that in his prime,
Ere the pruning-knife of Time
Cut him down,
Not a better man was found
By the Crier on his round
Through the town.

But now he walks the streets,
And he looks at all he meets,
Sad and wan,
And he shakes his feeble head,
That it seems as if he said
"They are gone!"

The mossy marbles rest
On the lips that he has prest
In their bloom,
And the names he loved to hear
Have been carved for many a year
On the tomb.

My grandmamma has said—
Poor old lady, she is dead
 Long ago,—
That he had a Roman nose,
And his cheek was like a rose
 In the snow.

But now his nose is thin,
And it rests upon his chin
 Like a staff,
And a crook is in his back,
And a melancholy crack
 In his laugh.

I know it is a sin
For me to sit and grin
 At him here.
But the old three-cornered hat
And the breeches and all that
 Are so queer!

And if I should live to be
The last leaf upon the tree
 In the Spring,
Let them smile as I do now
At the old forsaken bough
 Where I cling.

—*Oliver Wendell Holmes.*

[61]

DIRGE FOR A SOLDIER



LOSE his eyes; his work is
done!
What to him is friend or
foeman,
Rise of moon or set of sun,
Hand of man or kiss of woman?
Lay him low, lay him low,
In the clover or the snow!
What cares he? he cannot know:
Lay him low!

As man may, he fought his fight,
Proved his truth by his endeavor;
Let him sleep in solemn night,
Sleep forever and forever.
Lay him low, lay him low,
In the clover or the snow!
What cares he? he cannot know:
Lay him low!

Fold him in his country's stars,
Roll the drum and fire the volley!
What to him are all our wars,
What but death-bemocking folly?
Lay him low, lay him low,

In the clover or the snow!
What cares he? he cannot know:
Lay him low!

Leave him to God's watching eye,
Trust him to the hand that made him.
Mortal love weeps idly by:
God alone has power to aid him.
Lay him low, lay him low,
In the clover or the snow!
What cares he? he cannot know:
Lay him low!

—*George Henry Boker.*

SONNET ON CHILLON



ETERNAL spirit of the chain-
less mind !
Brightest in dungeons, Lib-
erty ! thou art,
For there thy habitation is
the heart—
The heart which love of thee alone can
bind ;
And when thy sons to fetters are con-
signed—
To fetters and the damp vault's day-
less gloom,
Their country conquers with their mar-
tyrdom,
And Freedom's fame finds wings on
every wind.
Chillon ! thy prison is a holy place,
And thy sad floor an altar—for 'twas
trod,
Until his very steps have left a trace
Worn, as if thy cold pavement were a
sod,
By Bonnivard !—May none those
marks efface ;
For they appeal from tyranny to God.

—*Lord Byron.*

FROM "RABBI BEN EZRA"

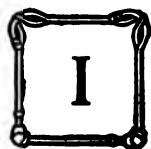
GROW old along with me!
The best is yet to be,
The last of life, for which
the first was made:
Our times are in His hand
Who saith, "A whole I planned
Youth shows but half; trust God: see
all, nor be afraid!"

* * * *

So take and use Thy work,
Amend what flaws may lurk,
What strain o' the stuff, what warping
past the aim!
My times be in Thy hand!
Perfect the cup as planned!
Let age approve of youth, and death
complete the same!

—*Robert Browning.*

ICH DACHT' AN SIE DEN
GANZEN TAG

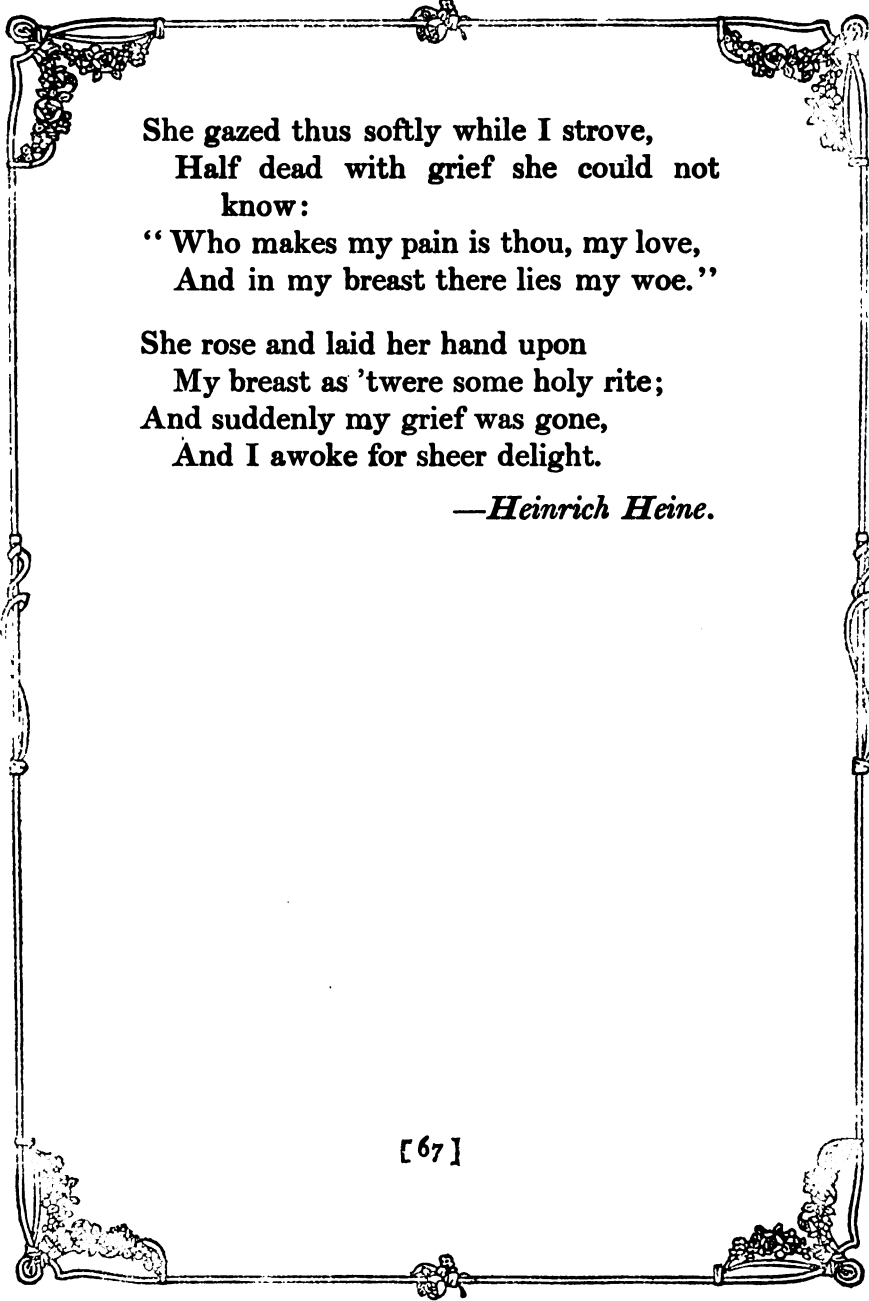


THOUGHT on her through-
out the day,
And thought on her through
half the night,
And when at last in sleep I lay
A dream restored her to my sight.

Fresh as the youngest rose she glowed,
In silent bliss as there she sat,
With on her knees a frame which showed
White lambs that she was working at.

She sat so calm, and could not guess
Why I stood there so full of woe:
“What means this pallor, this distress—
My Heinrich, say, what hurts thee
so?”

She looked in soft amaze that I
Should look upon her weeping so:
“Why weepest thou so bitterly,—
My Heinrich, say, who makes thy
woe?”

A decorative border with floral and scrollwork motifs surrounds the text.

She gazed thus softly while I strove,
Half dead with grief she could not
know:

“Who makes my pain is thou, my love,
And in my breast there lies my woe.”

She rose and laid her hand upon
My breast as 'twere some holy rite;
And suddenly my grief was gone,
And I awoke for sheer delight.

—*Heinrich Heine.*

“ 'TIS SWEET TO HEAR ”



IS sweet to hear the watch-
dog's honest bark
Bay deep-mouth'd welcome
as we draw near home;
'Tis sweet to know there is an
eye will mark
Our coming and look brighter when we
come;
'Tis sweet to be awaken'd by the lark,
Or lull'd by falling waters; sweet the
hum
Of bees, the voice of girls, the song of
birds,
The lisp of children and their earliest
words.

—*Lord Byron.*

THE DAY IS DONE

THE day is done, and the
darkness
Falls from the wings of
Night,
As a feather is wafted down-
ward
From an eagle in his flight.

I see the lights of the village
Gleam through the rain and the mist,
And a feeling of sadness comes o'er me,
That my soul cannot resist:

A feeling of sadness and longing
That is not akin to pain,
And resembles sorrow only
As the mist resembles rain.

Come, read to me some poem,
Some simple and heartfelt lay,
That shall soothe this restless feeling
And banish the thoughts of day.

[69]

Not from the grand old masters,
Not from the bards sublime,
Whose distant footsteps echo
Through the corridors of Time.

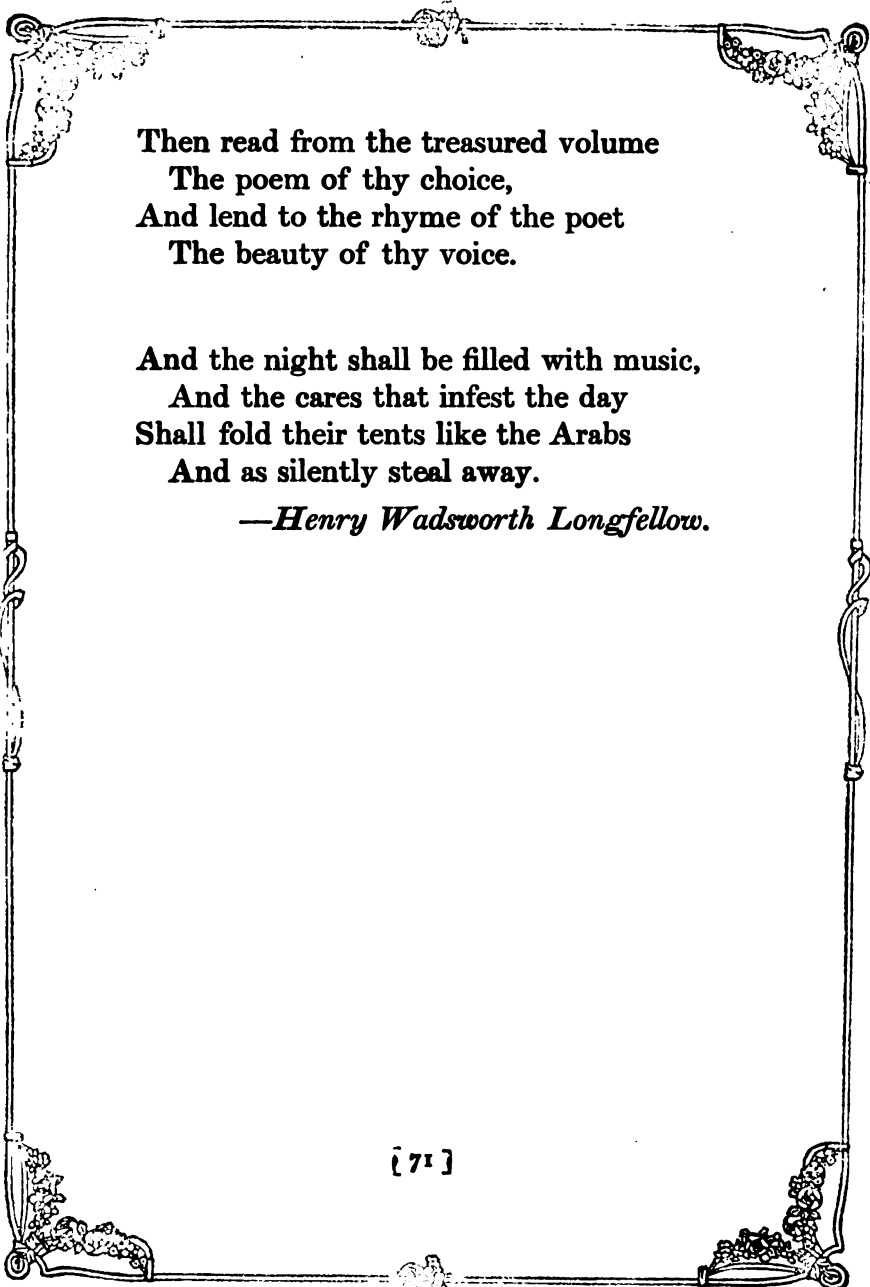
For, like strains of martial music,
Their mighty thoughts suggest
Life's endless toil and endeavor,
And to-night I long for rest.

Read from some humbler poet,
Whose songs gushed from his heart,
As showers from the clouds of summer,
Or tears from the eyelids start;

Who, through long days of labor
And nights devoid of ease,
Still heard in his soul the music
Of wonderful melodies.

Such songs have power to quiet
The restless pulse of care,
And come like the benediction
That follows after prayer.

[70]



Then read from the treasured volume
The poem of thy choice,
And lend to the rhyme of the poet
The beauty of thy voice.

And the night shall be filled with music,
And the cares that infest the day
Shall fold their tents like the Arabs
And as silently steal away.

—*Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.*

LIGHT

THE night has a thousand
eyes,
And the day has but one;
Yet the light of the bright
world dies
With the dying sun.

The mind has a thousand eyes,
And the heart but one;
Yet the light of a whole life dies
When love is done.

—*Francis W. Bourdillon.*

WHAT CONSTITUTES A STATE ?

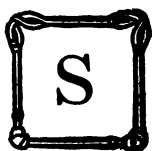


WHAT constitutes a state?
Not high-raised battlement
or labored mound,
Thick wall or moated gate;
Not cities proud with spires
and turrets crowned;
Not bays and broad-armed ports,
Where, laughing at the storm, rich
navies ride;
Not starred and spangled courts,
Where low-browed baseness wafts per-
fume to pride.
No:—men, high-minded men,
With powers as far above dull brutes
endued
In forest, brake or den,
As beasts excel cold rocks and bram-
bles rude,—
Men who their duties know,
But know their rights, and, knowing,
dare maintain,
Prevent the long-aimed blow,
And crush the tyrant while they rend
the chain;

These constitute a state;
And sovereign law, that state's collected will,
O'er thrones and globes elate
Sits empress, crowning good, repressing ill.
Smit by her sacred frown,
The fiend, Dissension, like a vapor sinks;
And e'en the all-dazzling crown
Hides his faint rays, and at her bidding shrinks;
Such was this heaven-loved isle,
Than Lesbos fairer and the Cretan shore!
No more shall freedom smile?
Shall Britons languish and be men no more?
Since all must life resign,
Those sweet rewards which decorate the brave
'Tis folly to decline,
And steal inglorious to the silent grave.

—*Sir William Jones.*

RUTH



HE stood breast-high amid
the corn,
Clasped by the golden light
of morn,
Like the sweetheart of the
sun,
Who many a glowing kiss had won.

On her cheek an autumn flush
Deeply ripened;—such a blush
In the midst of brown was born,
Like red poppies grown with corn.

Round her eyes her tresses fell,—
Which were blackest none could tell;
But long lashes veiled a light
That had else been all too bright.

And her hat, with shady brim,
Made her tressy forehead dim;—
Thus she stood amid the stooks,
Praising God with sweetest looks.

Sure, I said, Heaven did not mean
Where I reap thou shouldst but glean;
Lay thy sheaf adown and come,
Share my harvest and my home.

—*Thomas Hood.*

TRUE NOBILITY



HONOR and shame from no
condition rise;
Act well your part, there
all the honor lies.

Fortune in men has some
small difference made,
One flaunts in rags, one flutters in bro-
cade;
The cobbler aproned, and the parson
gowned,
The friar hooded, and the monarch
crowned.
“What differ more (you cry) than crown
and cowl!”
I’ll tell you friend! a wise man and a
fool.
You’ll find, if once the monarch acts the
monk,
Or, cobbler-like, the parson will be drunk,
Worth makes the man, and want of it
the fellow;
The rest is all but leather or prunello.

—*Alexander Pope.*

TO M. E. H.



WHEN you wake in your crib,
You, an inch of experience—
Vaulted about
With the wonder of darkness,
Wailing and striving
To reach from your feebleness
Something you feel
Will be good to and cherish you,
Something you know
And can rest upon blindly:
O then a hand
(Your mother's, your mother's!)
By the fall of its fingers
All knowledge, all power to you,
Out of the dreary,
Discouraging strangenesses
Comes to and masters you,
Takes you, and lovingly
Woos you and soothes you
Back, as you cling to it,
Back to some comforting
Corner of Sleep.
So you wake in your bed,
Having lived, having loved:
But the shadows are there,

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And the world and its kingdoms
Incredibly faded;
And you grope in Terror
Above you and under
For the light, for the warmth,
The assurance of life;
But the blasts are ice-born,
And your heart is nigh burst
With the weight of the gloom
And the stress of your strangled
And desperate endeavour:
Sudden a hand—
Mother, O Mother!—
God at His best to you,
Out of the roaring,
Impossible silences,
Falls on and urges you,
Mightily, tenderly,
Forth, as you clutch at it,
Forth to the infinite
Peace of the Grave.

—*William Ernest Henley.*

JOHN ANDERSON, MY JO

J OHN ANDERSON, my jo,
John,
When we were first acquent,
Your locks were like the

raven,

Your bonnie brow was brent.
But now your brow is beld, John,
Your locks are like the snaw;
But blessings on your frosty pow,
John Anderson, my jo.

John Anderson, my jo, John,
We clamb the hill thegither;
And mony a canty day, John,
We've had wi' ane anither:
Now we maun totter down, John,
But hand in hand we'll go;
And sleep thegither at the foot,
John Anderson, my jo.

—*Robert Burns.*

LIFE



LIFE; we've been long together
Through pleasant and through
cloudy weather;
'Tis hard to part when friends
are dear—
Perhaps 'twill cost a sigh, a tear;—
Then steal away, give little warning,
Choose thine own time;
Say not Good-Night,—but in some
brighter clime
Bid me Good-Morning.

—*Anna Letitia Barbauld.*

SONG OF THE BROOK



COME from haunts of coot
and hern:

I make a sudden sally
And sparkle out among the
fern,

To bicker down a valley.

By thirty hills I hurry down,
Or slip between the ridges,
By twenty thorps, a little town,
And half a hundred bridges.

Till last by Philip's farm I flow
To join the brimming river;
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on forever.

I chatter over stony ways,
In little sharps and trebles;
I bubble into eddying bays,
I babble on the pebbles.

With many a curve my banks I fret
By many a field and fallow,
And many a fairy foreland set
With willow-weed and mallow.

[81]

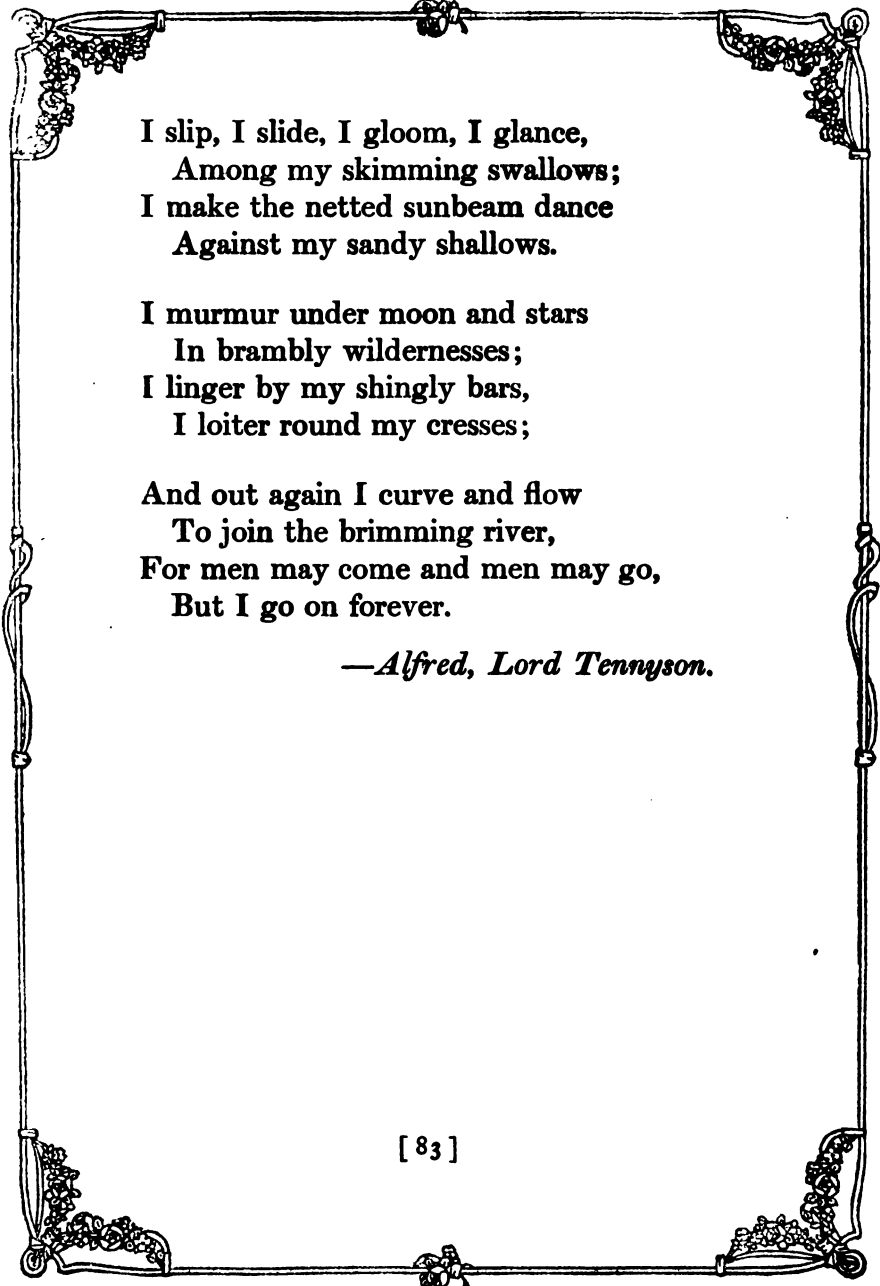
I chatter, chatter, as I flow
To join the brimming river;
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on forever.

I wind about, and in and out,
With here a blossom sailing,
And here and there a lusty trout,
And here and there a grayling,

And here and there a foamy flake
Upon me, as I travel
With many a silvery waterbreak
Above the golden gravel,

And draw them all along, and flow
To join the brimming river;
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on forever.

I steal by lawns and grassy plots:
I slide by hazel covers;
I move the sweet forget-me-nots
That grow for happy lovers.



I slip, I slide, I gloom, I glance,
Among my skimming swallows;
I make the netted sunbeam dance
Against my sandy shallows.

I murmur under moon and stars
In brambly wildernesses;
I linger by my shingly bars,
I loiter round my cresses;

And out again I curve and flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on forever.

—*Alfred, Lord Tennyson.*

ANNABEL LEE



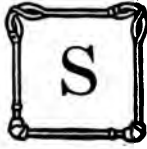
T was many and many a year
ago,
In a kingdom by the sea,
That a maiden there lived
whom you may know
By the name of Annabel Lee;
And this maiden she lived with no other
thought
Than to love and be loved by me.
I was a child and *she* was a child,
In this kingdom by the sea:
But we loved with a love that was more
than love,
I and my Annabel Lee;
With a love that the wingéd seraphs of
heaven
Coveted, her and me.
And this was the reason that, long ago,
In the kingdom by the sea,
A wind blew out of the cloud, chilling
My beautiful Annabel Lee;
So that her highborn kinsman came
And bore her away from me,
To shut her up in a sepulchre
In this kingdom by the sea.

The angels, not half so happy in heaven,
Went envying her and me—
Yes!—that was the reason (as all men
know,
In this kingdom by the sea)
That the wind came out of the cloud by
night,
Chilling and killing my Annabel Lee.
But our love, it was stronger by far than
the love
Of those that were older than we—
Of many far wiser than we—
And neither the angels in heaven above,
Nor the demons down under the sea,
Can ever dissever my soul from the soul
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee:
For the moon never beams without bring-
ing me dreams
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee,
And the stars never rise but I feel the
bright eyes
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee;
And so, all the night-tide, I lie down by
the side
Of my darling—my darling—my life and
my bride,
In her sepulchre there by the sea,
In her tomb by the sounding sea.

—*Edgar Allen Poe.*

[85]

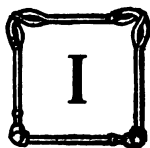
HEROISM



O nigh is grandeur to our
dust,
So near is God to man,
When Duty whispers low,
Thou must,
The youth replies, *I can.*

—*Ralph Waldo Emerson.*

AT THE DOOR



THOUGHT myself indeed
secure,

So fast the door, so firm
the lock;

But, low! he toddling comes
to lure

My parent ear with timorous knock.

My heart were stone could it withstand

The sweetness of my baby's plea—
That timorous baby knocking and
“Please let me in, it's only me.”

I threw aside the unfinished book,
Regardless of its tempting charms,
And, opening wide the door, I took
My laughing darling in my arms.

Who knows but in Eternity
I like a truant child shall wait
The glories of a life to be
Beyond a Heavenly Father's gate?

And will that Heavenly Father heed
The truant's supplicating cry,
As at the outer door I plead,
“'Tis I, O Father! only I?”

—*Eugene Field.*

THE FOUR WINDS



WIND of the North,
Wind of the Norland snows,
Wind of the winnowed skies
and sharp, clear stars—
Blow cold and keen across
the naked hills,
And crisp the lowland pools with crystal
films,
And blur the casement squares with glit-
tering ice,
But go not near my love.

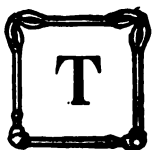
Wind of the West,
Wind of the few, far clouds,
Wind of the gold and crimson sunset
lands—
Blow fresh and pure across the peaks and
plains,
And broaden the blue spaces of the
heavens,
And sway the grasses and the mountain
pines,
But let my dear one rest.

Wind of the East,
Wind of the sunrise seas,
Wind of the clinging mists and gray,
harsh rains—
Blow moist and chill across the wastes of
brine,
And shut the sun out, and the moon and
stars,
And lash the boughs against the dripping
eaves,
Yet keep thou from my love.

But thou, sweet wind!
Wind of the fragrant South,
Wind from the bowers of jasmine and of
rose—
Over magnolia blooms and lilled lakes
And flowering forests come with dewy
wings,
And stir the petals at her feet, and kiss
The low mound where she lies.

—*Charles Henry Luders.*

SEVEN TIMES ONE



HERE'S no dew left on the
daisies and clover,
There's no rain left in
heaven:

I've said my "seven times"
over and over,
Seven times one are seven.

I am old, so old I can write a letter;
My birthday lessons are done;
The lambs play always—they know no
better;
They are only one times one.

O moon! in the night I have seen you
sailing
And shining so round and low;
You were bright! ah, bright! but your
light is failing,—
You are nothing now but a bow.

You moon, have you done something
wrong in heaven
That God has hidden your face?
I hope if you have you will soon be for-
given,
And shine again in your place.

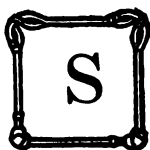
O velvet bee, you're a dusty fellow,
You've powdered your legs with gold !
O brave marsh marybuds, rich and yellow,
Give me your money to hold !

O columbine, open your folded wrapper,
Where two twin turtle-doves dwell !
O cuckoopint, tool me the purple clapper
That hangs in your clear green bell !

And show me your nest with the young
ones in it;
I will not steal them away ;
I am old ! you may trust me, linnet, linnet—
I am seven times one to-day.

—*Jean Ingelow.*

SHE WALKS IN BEAUTY



HE walks in beauty, like the
night
Of cloudless climes and
starry skies,
And all that's best of dark
and bright

Meets in her aspect and her eyes,
Thus mellowed to that tender light
Which heaven to gaudy day denies.

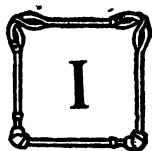
One shade the more, one ray the less
Had half impaired the nameless grace
Which waves in every raven tress
Or softly lightens o'er her face,
Where thoughts serenely sweet express
How pure, how dear their dwelling-
place.

And on that cheek and o'er that brow
So soft, so calm, yet eloquent,
The smiles that win, the tints that glow,
But tell of days in goodness spent,—
A mind at peace with all below,
A heart whose love is innocent.

—*Lord Byron.*

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I SAW TWO CLOUDS AT
MORNING



SAW two clouds at morn-
ing,
Tinged by the rising sun,
And in the dawn they floated
on,
And mingled into one;
I thought that morning cloud was
blessed,
It moved so sweetly to the west.
I saw two summer currents
Flow smoothly to their meeting
And join their course with silent force,
In peace each other greeting;
Calm was their course through banks of
green,
While dimpling eddies played between.
Such be your gentle motion,
Till life's last pulse shall beat;
Like summer's beam and summer's
stream,
Float on, in joy, to meet
A calmer sea, where storms shall cease;
A purer sky, where all is peace.

—*John G. C. Brainard.*

THE GARDEN OF PROSERPINE



ERE, where the world is
quiet;

Here, where all trouble
seems

Dead winds' and spent waves'

riot,

In doubtful dreams of dreams,
I watch the green field growing
For reaping folk and sowing,
For harvest time and mowing,
A sleepy world of streams.

I am tired of tears and laughter
And men that laugh and weep,
Of what may come hereafter
For men that sow to reap:
I am weary of days and hours,
Blown buds of barren flowers,
Desires and dreams and powers,
And everything but sleep.

Here life has death for neighbor,
And far from eye or ear
Wan waves and wet winds labor,
Weak ships and spirits steer;
They drive adrift, and whither
They wot not who make thither;
But no such winds blow hither,
And no such things grow here.

No growth of moor or coppice,
No heather-flower or vine,
But bloomless buds of poppies,
Green grapes of Proserpine,
Pale beds of blowing rushes
Where no leaf blooms or blushes
Save this whereout she crushes
For dead men deadly wine.

Pale, without name or number,
In fruitless fields of corn,
They bow themselves and slumber
All night till light is born;
And like a soul belated,
In hell and heaven unmated,
By cloud and mist abated,
Comes out of darkness morn.

Though one were strong as seven,
He too with death shall dwell,
Nor wake with wings in heaven,
Nor weep for pains in hell;
Though one were fair as roses,
His beauty clouds and closes;
And well though love reposes,
In the end it is not well.

Pale, beyond porch and portal
Crowned with calm leaves, she stands
Who gathers all things mortal
With cold immortal hands;
Her languid lips are sweeter
Than love's who fears to greet her
To men that mix and meet her
From many times and lands.

She waits for each and other,
She waits for all men born;
Forgets the earth her mother,
The life of fruits and corn;
And spring and seed and swallow
Take wing for her, and follow
Where summer song rings hollow,
And flowers are put to scorn.

There go the loves that wither,
The old loves with wearier wings;
And all dead years draw thither,
And all disastrous things;
Dead dreams of days forsaken,
Blind buds that snows have shaken,
Wild leaves that winds have taken,
Red strays of ruined springs.

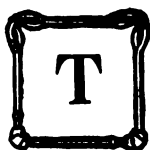
We are not sure of sorrow,
And joy was never sure;
To-day will die to-morrow;
Time stoops to no man's lure;
And love, grown faint and fretful,
With lips but half regretful
Sighs, and with eyes forgetful
Weeps that no loves endure.

From too much love of living,
From hope and fear set free,
We thank with brief thanksgiving
Whatever gods may be
That no life lives forever;
That dead men rise up never;
That even the weariest river
Winds somewhere safe to sea.

Then star nor sun shall waken,
Nor any change of light;
Nor sound of waters shaken,
Nor any sound or sight;
Nor wintry leaves nor vernal,
Nor days or things diurnal;
Only the sleep eternal
In an eternal night.

—*Algernon Charles Swinburne.*

THE BIVOUAC OF THE DEAD



HE muffled drum's sad roll
has beat

The soldier's last tatto;
No more on Life's parade
shall meet

That brave and fallen few.
On Fame's eternal camping ground
Their silent tents are spread,
And Glory guards, with solemn round,
The bivouac of the dead.

No rumor of the foe's advance
Now swells upon the wind;
No troubled thought at midnight haunts
Of loved ones left behind;
No vision of the morrow's strife
The warrior's dream alarms;
No braying horn, no screaming fife,
At dawn shall call to arms.

Their shivered swords are red with rust,
Their plumed heads are bowed;
Their haughty banner trailed in dust
Is now their martial shroud—
And plenteous funeral tears have washed
The red stains from each brow,
And the proud forms by battle gashed
Are free from anguish now.

The neighing troop, the flashing blade,
The bugle's stirring blast,
The charge, the dreadful cannonade,
The din and shout are past—
Nor War's wild note, nor Glory's peal,
Shall thrill with fierce delight
Those breasts that nevermore may feel
The rapture of the fight.

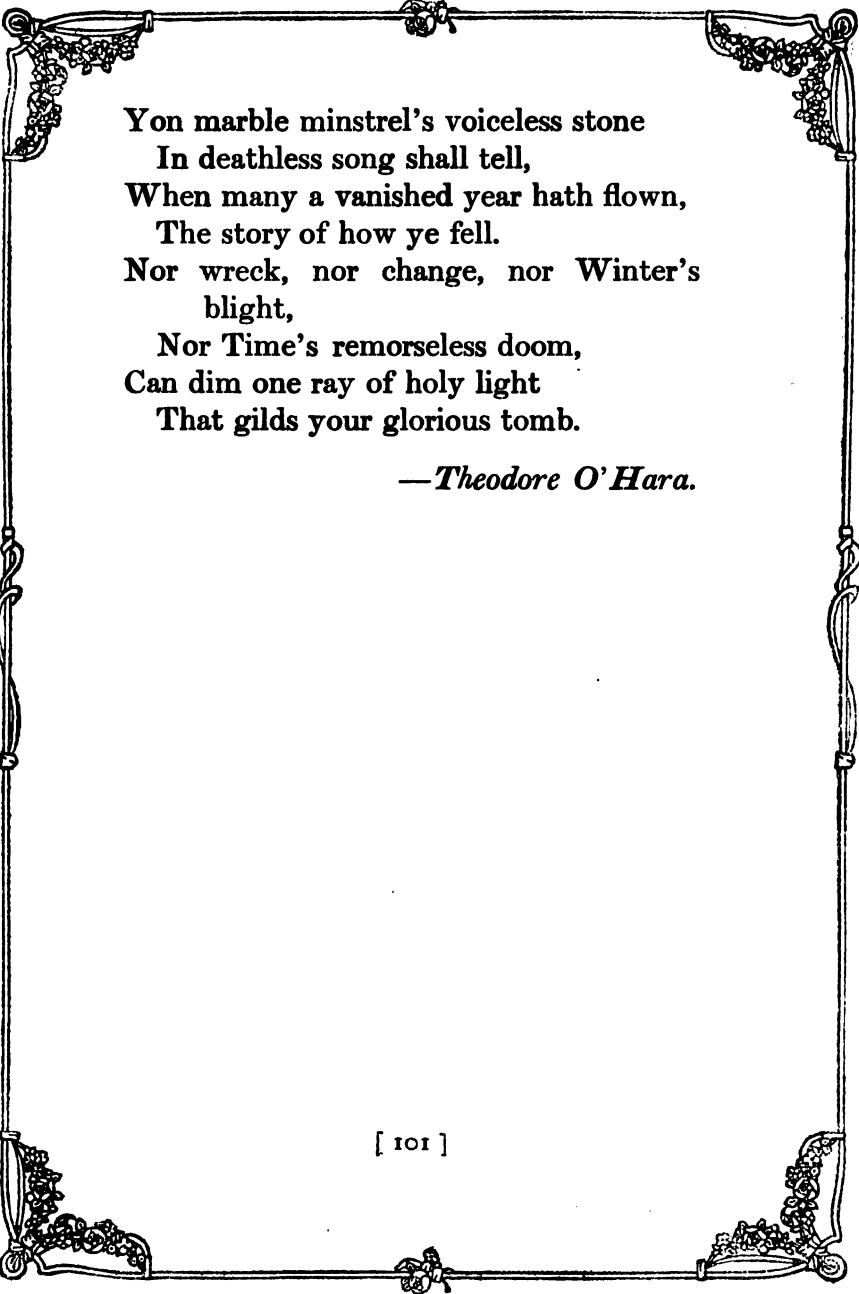
Like the fierce Northern hurricane
That sweeps his great plateau,
Flushed with the triumph yet to gain,
Came down the serried foe—
Who heard the thunder of the fray
Break o'er the field beneath,
Knew well the watchword of that day
Was "Victory or Death!"

Full many a Norther's breath hath swept
O'er Angostura's plain,
And long the pitying sky has wept
Above its moldered slain.
The raven's scream, or eagle's flight,
Or Shepherd's pensive lay,
Alone now wake each solemn height
That frowned o'er that dread fray.

**Sons of the Dark and Bloody Ground !
Ye must not slumber there,
Where stranger steps and tongues resound
Along the heedless air.
Your own proud land's heroic soil
Shall be your fitter grave;
She claims from War his richest spoil—
The ashes of her brave.**

**Thus 'neath their parent turf they rest,
Far from the gory field;
Born to a Spartan mother's breast
On many a bloody shield.
The sunshine of their native sky
Smiles sadly on them here,
And kindred eyes and hearts watch by
The heroes' sepulchre.**

**Rest on, embalmed and sainted dead !
Dear as the blood ye gave !
No impious footstep here shall tread
The herbage of your grave;
Nor shall your glory be forgot
While Fame her record keeps,
Or Honor points the hallowed spot
Where Valor proudly sleeps.**



Yon marble minstrel's voiceless stone
In deathless song shall tell,
When many a vanished year hath flown,
The story of how ye fell.
Nor wreck, nor change, nor Winter's
blight,
Nor Time's remorseless doom,
Can dim one ray of holy light
That gilds your glorious tomb.

—*Theodore O'Hara.*

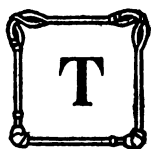
GOD, THE ONLY JUST JUDGE

THEN gently scan your
brother man,
Still gentler sister woman;
Tho' they may gang a ken-
nie wrang,
To step aside is human;
One point must still be greatly dark,
The moving *Why* they do it;
And just as lamely can ye mark
How far perhaps they rue it.

Who made the heart, 'tis He alone
Decidedly can try us;
He knows each chord—its various tone,
Each spring—its various bias;
Then at the balance let's be mute,
We never can adjust it;
What's *done* we partly may compute,
But know not what's *resisted*.

—*Robert Burns.*

FATE



WO shall be born the whole
wide world apart,
And speak in different
tongues, and have no
thought

Each of the other's being, and no heed;
And these, o'er unknown seas to
unknown lands

Shall cross, escaping wreck, defying
death,

And all unconsciously shape every act,
And bend each wandering step to this
one end—

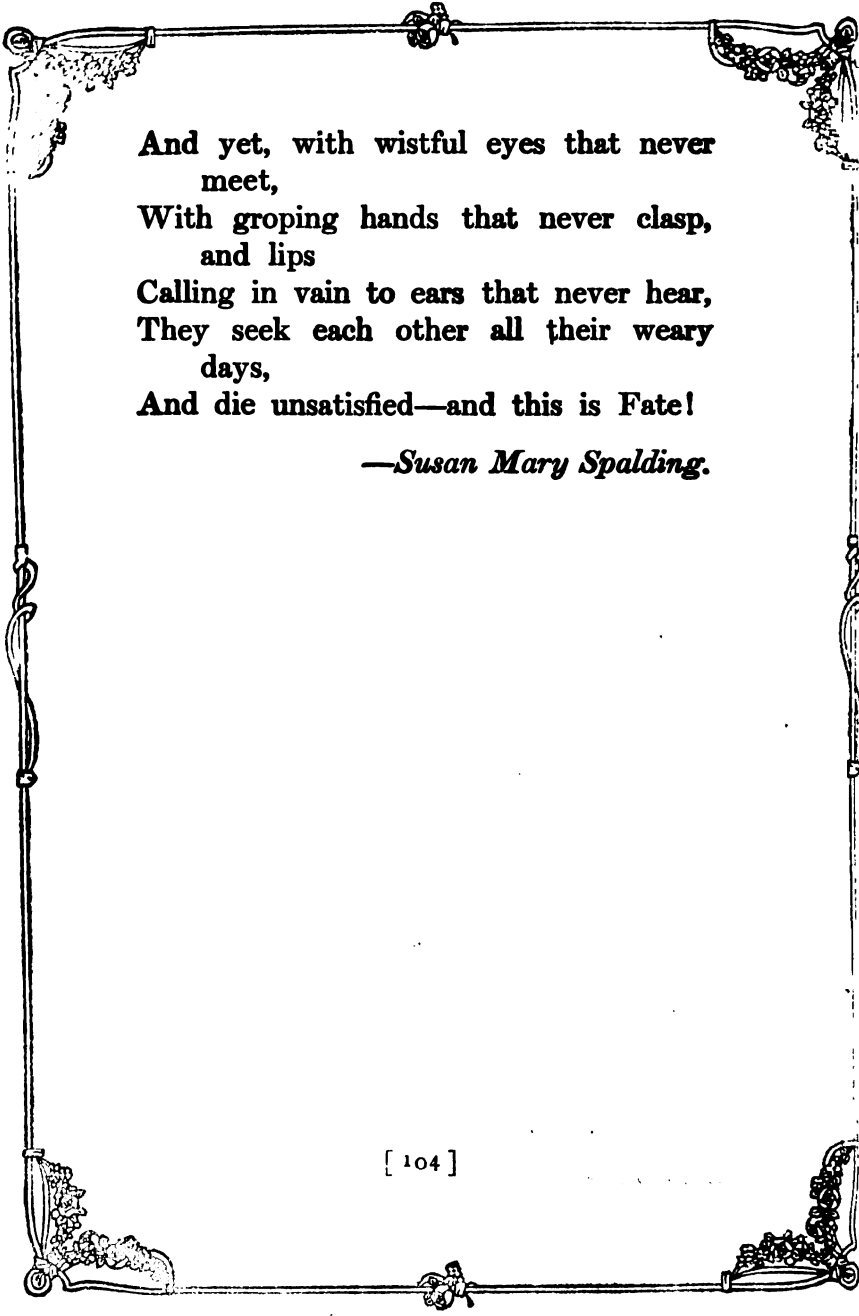
That one day out of darkness they shall
meet

And read life's meaning in each other's
eyes.

And two shall walk some narrow way of
life

So nearly side by side, that should one
turn

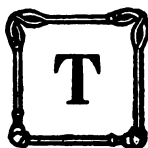
Ever so little space to left or right,
They needs must stand acknowledged
face to face.



And yet, with wistful eyes that never
meet,
With groping hands that never clasp,
and lips
Calling in vain to ears that never hear,
They seek each other all their weary
days,
And die unsatisfied—and this is Fate!

—*Susan Mary Spalding.*

THE FRINGED GENTIAN

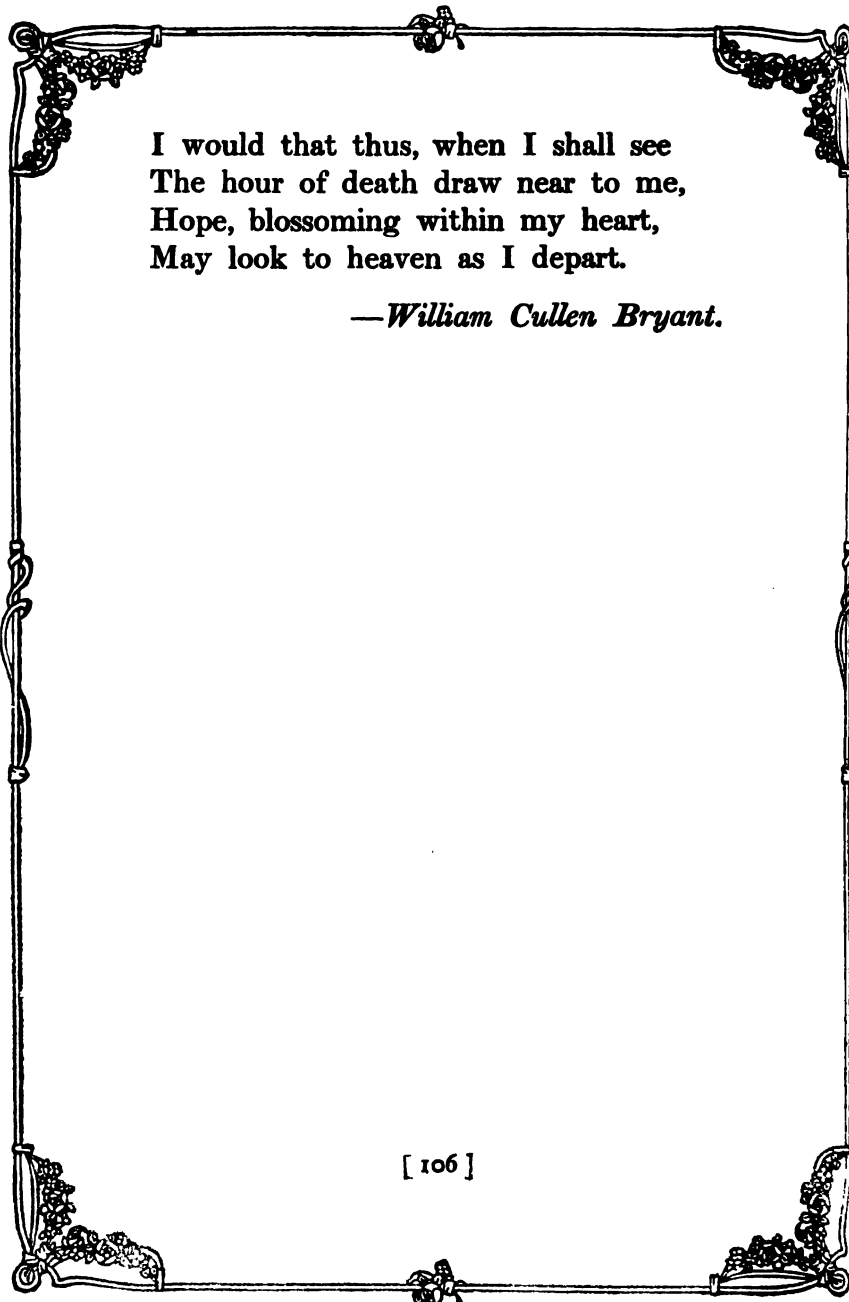


THOU blossom bright with
autumn dew,
And colored with heaven's
own blue,
That openest when the quiet
light
Succeeds the keen and frosty night.

Thou comest not when violets lean
O'er wandering brooks and springs
unseen,
Or columbines, in purple dressed,
Nod o'er the ground-bird's hidden nest.

Thou waitest late and com'st alone,
When woods are bare and birds are
flown,
And frosts and shortening days portend
The aged year is near his end.

Then doth thy sweet and quiet eye
Look through its fringes to the sky,
Blue—blue—as if that sky let fall
A flower from its cerulean wall.



I would that thus, when I shall see
The hour of death draw near to me,
Hope, blossoming within my heart,
May look to heaven as I depart.

—*William Cullen Bryant.*

THE CHILD MUSICIAN



HE had played for his lord-
ship's *levée*,
He had played for her
ladyship's whim,
'Till the poor little head was
heavy,
And the poor little brain would swim.

And the face grew peakèd and eerie,
And the large eyes strange and bright,
And they said—too late—"He is weary!
He shall rest for at least to-night!"

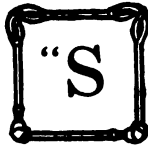
But at dawn, when the birds were wak-
ing,
As they watched in the silent room,
With the sound of a strained cord
breaking,
A something snapped in the gloom.

'Twas a string of his violoncello,
And they heard him stir in his bed:
"Make room for a tired little fellow,
Kind God!" was the last that he
said.

—*Austin Dobson.*

THE HUMAN TIE

"As if life were not sacred, too."—*George Eliot.*



PEAK tenderly! For he is
dead," we say;
"With gracious hand
smooth all his rough-
ened past,
And fullest measure of reward fore-
cast,
Forgetting naught that gloried his brief
day."

Yet of the brother, who, along our way,
Prone with his burdens, heartworn in
the strife,
Totters before us—how we search his
life,
Censure and sternly punish while we
may.

Oh, weary are the paths of Earth, and
hard !

And living hearts alone are ours to
guard.

At least, begrudge not to the sore dis-
traught

The reverent silence of our pitying
thought.

Life, too, is sacred ; and he best for-
gives

Who says : " He errs, but — tenderly !
He lives. "

—*Mary Mapes Dodge.*

THE GRASSHOPPER AND THE CRICKET

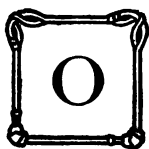


REEN little vaulter in the
sunny grass,
Catching your heart up at
the feel of June,—
Sole voice that's heard
amidst the lazy noon
When e'en the bees lag at the summon-
ing brass;
And you, warm little housekeeper, who
class
With those who think the candles
come too soon,
Loving the fire, and with your trick-
some tune
Nick the glad silent moments as they pass.
O sweet and tiny cousins, that belong,
One to the fields, the other to the
hearth,
Both have your sunshine; both, though
small, are strong
At your clear hearts; and both seem
given to earth
To sing in thoughtful ears this natural
song,—
In doors and out, summer and winter,
mirth.

—*Leigh Hunt.*

[110]

TIME AND CHANGE



TIME and Change, they
range and range
From sunshine round to
thunder!—

They glance and go as the
great winds blow,
And the best of our dreams drive
under:

For Time and Change estrange,
estrange—

And, now they have looked and seen us,
O we that were dear, we are all too
near

With the thick of the world between us.

O Death and Time, they chime and
chime

Like bells at sunset falling!—
They end the song, they right the
wrong,

They set the old echoes calling:

For Death and Time bring on the
prime

Of God's own chosen weather,
And we lie in the peace of the Great
Release

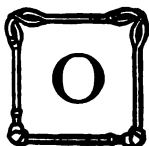
As once in the grass together.

—*William Ernest Henley.*

[111]

THE CHOIR INVISIBLE

Longum illud tempus, quum non ero, magis me movet, quam hoc exiguum.—*Cicero.*



MAY I join the choir
invisible
Of those immortal dead
who live again
In minds made better by
their presence: live
In pulses stirr'd to generosity,
In deeds of daring rectitude, in scorn
For miserable aims that end with self,
In thoughts sublime that pierce the
night like stars,
And with their mild persistence urge
man's search
To vaster issues.

So to live is heaven:
To make undying music in the world,
Breathing as beauteous order that controls
With growing sway the growing life of
man.
So we inherit that sweet purity
For which we struggled, fail'd, and
agoniz'd

With widening retrospect that bred
despair.

Rebellious flesh that would not be sub-
dued,

A vicious parent shaming still its child,
Poor anxious penitence, is quick dis-
solved;

Its discords, quenched by meeting har-
monies,

Die in the large and charitable air.

And all our rarer, better, truer self,
That sobb'd religiously in yearning song,
That watched to ease the burthen of the
world,

Laboriously tracing what must be,
And what may yet be better, — saw
within

A worthier image for the sanctuary,
And shap'd it forth before the multi-
tude,

Divinely human, raising worship so
To higher reverence more mix'd with
love, —

That better self shall live till human
Time

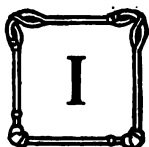
Shall fold its eyelids, and the human
sky

Be gather'd like a scroll within the
tomb
Unread forever.

This is life to come,
Which martyr'd men have made more
glorious
For us who strive to follow. May I
reach
That purest heaven, be to other souls
The cup of strength in some great
agony,
Enkindle generous ardor, feed pure love,
Beget the smiles that have no cruelty,
Be the sweet presence of a good diffus'd,
And in diffusion ever more intense!
So shall I join the choir invisible,
Whose music is the gladness of the
world.

—*George Eliot.*

DAFFODILS



WANDERED lonely as a
cloud

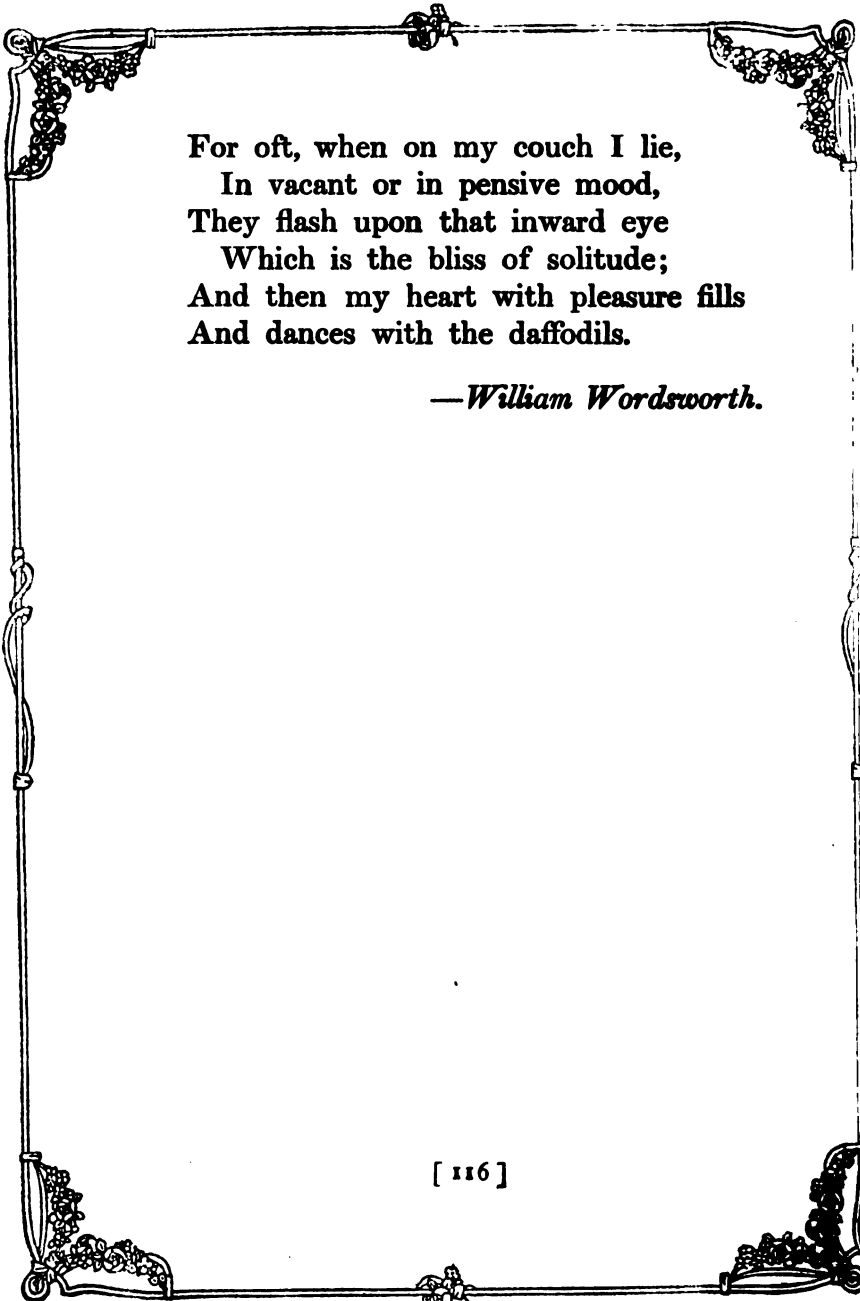
That floats on high o'er
vales and hills,

When all at once I saw a
crowd,—

A host of golden daffodils
Beside the lake, beneath the trees,
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.

Continuous as the stars that shine
And twinkle on the Milky Way,
They stretched in never-ending line
Along the margin of a bay:
Ten thousand saw I, at a glance,
Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.

The waves beside them danced, but they
Outdid the sparkling waves in glee;
A poet could not but be gay
In such a jocund company;
I gazed—and gazed—but little thought
What wealth the show to me had
brought.



For oft, when on my couch I lie,
In vacant or in pensive mood,
They flash upon that inward eye
Which is the bliss of solitude;
And then my heart with pleasure fills
And dances with the daffodils.

—*William Wordsworth.*

UP HILL



DOES the road lead up hill
all the way?

Yes, to the very end.

Will the day's journey take
the whole long day?

From morn to night, my friend.

But is there for the night a resting-
place?

A roof for when the slow dark hours
begin?

May not the darkness hide it from my
face?

You cannot miss that inn.

Shall I meet other wayfarers at night?

Those who have gone before.

Then must I knock, or call when just
in sight?

*They will not keep you standing at
the door.*

Shall I find comfort, travel-sore and
weak?

Of labor you shall find the sum.

Will there be beds for me and all who
seek?

Yea, beds for all who come.

—*Christian G. Rossetti.*

BELIEVE ME, IF ALL THOSE
ENDEARING YOUNG
CHARMS

BELIEVE me, if all those en-
dearing young charms,
Which I gaze on so fondly
to-day,
Were to change by to-mor-
row, and fleet in my arms,
Like fairy-gifts fading away!
Thou wouldest still be adored as at this
moment thou art,
Let thy loveliness fade as it will,
And around the dear ruin each wish of
my heart
Would entwine itself verdantly still.
It is not while beauty and youth are
thine own,
And thy cheeks unprofaned by a tear,
That the fervor and faith of a soul may
be known,
To which time will but make thee
more dear!
O the heart that has truly loved never
forgets,
But as truly loves on to the close,
As the sunflower turns to her god when
he sets
The same look which she turned when
he rose.

—*Thomas Moore.*

ABOU BEN ADHEM AND THE ANGEL



ABOU BEN ADHEM—may
his tribe increase—
Awoke one night from a
deep dream of peace,
And saw within the moon-
light in his room,
Making it rich and like a lily in bloom,
An angel, writing in a book of gold.
Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem
bold,
And to the presence in the room he
said:
“What writest thou?” The vision
raised his head,
And, with a look made of all sweet
accord,
Answered: “The names of those who
love the Lord.”
“And is mine one?” said Adhem.
“Nay, not so,”
Replied the angel. Abou spoke more
low,
But cheerily still, and said: “I pray
thee then,

Write me as one who loves his fellow-
men.”

The angel wrote and vanished. The
next night

He came again with a great awakening
light

And showed the names whom love of
God had bless'd,

And lo! Ben Adhem's name led all
the rest.

—*Leigh Hunt.*

ON HIS BLINDNESS



WHEN I consider how my
light is spent
Ere half my days in this
dark world and wide,
And that one talent which
is death to hide,
Lodged with me useless, though my soul
more bent
To serve therewith my Maker, and present
My true account, lest he, returning,
chide:
“Doth God exact day-labor, light
denied?”
I fondly ask; but Patience, to prevent
That murmur, soon replies: “God
doth not need
Either man’s work or his own gifts;
who best
Bear his mild yoke, they serve him
best: his state
Is kingly; thousands at his bidding
speed,
And post o’er land and ocean without
rest;
They also serve who only stand and
wait.”

—*John Milton.*

TO MARY IN HEAVEN

THOU lingering star, with
lessening ray,
That lov'st to greet the
early morn,
Again thou usher'st in the
day
My Mary from my soul was torn.

O Mary! dear departed shade!
Where is thy place of blissful rest?
See'st thou thy lover lowly laid?
Hear'st thou the groans that rend his
breast?

That sacred hour can I forget—
Can I forget the hallowed grove,
Where by the winding Ayr we met
To live one day of parting love!

Eternity will not efface
Those records dear of transports past;
Thy image at our last embrace;
Ah! little thought we 'twas our last!

Ayr, gurgling, kissed his pebbled shore,
O'erhung with wild woods, thickening
green;
The fragrant birch, and hawthorn hoar,
Twined amorous round the raptured
scene.

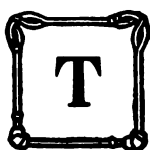
The flowers sprang wanton to be prest,
The birds sang love on every spray—
Till soon, too soon, the glowing west
Proclaimed the speed of wingèd day.

Still o'er these scenes my memory wakes,
And fondly broods with miser care!
Time but the impression stronger makes,
As streams their channels deeper wear.

My Mary! dear departed shade!
Where is thy place of blissful rest?
See'st thou thy lover lowly laid?
Hear'st thou the groans that rend his
breast?

—*Robert Burns.*

THANATOPSIS



O him who in the love of
Nature holds
Communion with her visible
form, she speaks
A various language; for his
gayer hours
She has a voice of gladness, and a smile
And eloquence of beauty, and she glides
Into his darker musings with a mild
And healing sympathy that steals away
Their sharpness, ere he is aware. When
thoughts
Of the last bitter hour come like a blight
Over thy spirit, and sad images
Of the stern agony, and shroud, and pall,
And breathless darkness, and the narrow
house,
Make thee to shudder and grow sick at
heart;—
Go forth, under the open sky, and list
To Nature's teachings, while from all
around—
Earth and her waters, and the depths
of air—
Comes a still voice:—

Yet a few days, and thee
The all-beholding sun shall see no more
In all his course; nor yet in the cold
ground,
Where thy pale form was laid with many
tears,
Nor in the embrace of ocean, shall exist
Thy image. Earth, that nourished thee,
shall claim
Thy growth, to be resolved to earth
again,
And, lost each human trace, surrender-
ing up
Thine individual being, shalt thou go
To mix forever with the elements,
To be a brother to the insensible rock
And to the sluggish clod, which the rude
swain
Turns with his share and treads upon.
The oak
Shall send his roots abroad and pierce
thy mould.

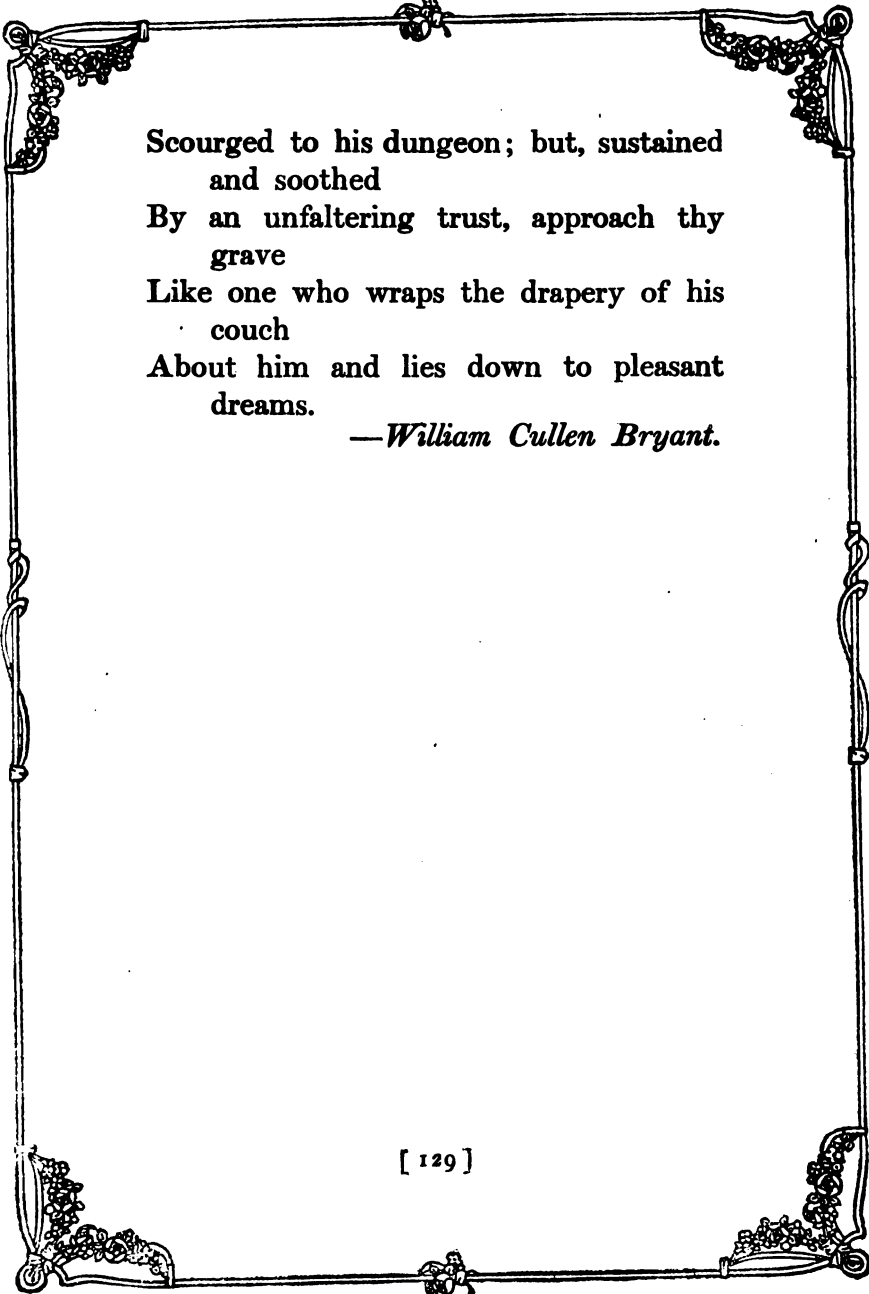
Yet not to thine eternal resting-
place
Shalt thou retire alone, nor couldst thou
wish

Couch more magnificent. Thou shalt lie
down
With patriarchs of the infant world—
with kings,
The powerful of the earth—the wise, the
good,
Fair forms, and hoary seers of ages past,
All in one mighty sepulchre. The hills
Rock-ribbed and ancient as the sun—the
vales
Stretching in pensive quietness between;
The venerable woods—rivers that move
In majesty, and the complaining brooks
That make the meadows green; and,
poured round all,
Old Ocean's gray and melancholy
waste—
Are but the solemn decorations all
Of the great tomb of man. The golden
sun,
The planets, all the infinite host of
heaven,
Are shining on the sad abodes of death
Through the still lapse of ages. All that
tread
The globe are but a handful to the tribes

That slumber in its bosom.—Take the
wings
Of morning, pierce the Barcan wilder-
ness,
Or lose thyself in the continuous woods
Where rolls the Oregon, and hears no
sound,
Save his own dashings—yet the dead are
there;
And millions in those solitudes, since
first
The flight of years began, have laid them
down
In their last sleep—the dead reign there
alone.
So shalt thou rest, and what if thou with-
draw
In silence from the living, and no friend
Take note of thy departure? All that
breathe
Will share thy destiny. The gay will
laugh
When thou art gone, the solemn brood
of care
Plod on, and each one as before will
chase

His favorite phantom; yet all these shall
leave
Their mirth and their employments, and
shall come
And make their bed with thee. As the
long train
Of ages glides away, the sons of men—
The youth in life's fresh spring, and he
who goes
In the full strength of years, matron and
maid,
The speechless babe and the gray-headed
man—
Shall one by one be gathered to thy
side,
By those, who in their turn shall follow
them.

So live, that when thy summons
comes to join
The innumerable caravan, which moves
To that mysterious realm, where each
shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of death,
Thou go not, like the quarry-slave at
night,



Scourged to his dungeon; but, sustained
and soothed
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy
grave
Like one who wraps the drapery of his
couch
About him and lies down to pleasant
dreams.

—*William Cullen Bryant.*

A FAREWELL



Y fairest child, I have no
song to give you;
No lark could pipe to skies
so dull and gray:
Yet, ere we part, one lesson
I can leave you
For every day.

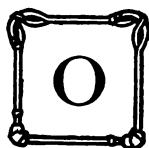
* I'll tell you how to sing a clearer carol
Than lark who hails the dawn on
breezy down;
To earn yourself a purer poet's laurel
Than Shakespeare's crown.

Be good, sweet maid, and let who will
be clever;
Do noble things, not dream them,
all day long:
And so make life, death, and that vast
forever
One grand, sweet song.

—*Charles Kingsley.*

** This is printed in Max Müller's memoirs—"Auld Lang Syne"—as having been originally Kingsley's second stanza.*
L. M. H.

THE HEAVENLY PLAY- GROUND



FATHER, in Thy Heavenly
Land

Where are the children
playing?—

I dream of many a joyful
band
In cloudy pathways straying.

Perchance they cross in crescent cars
Those sunset mountain ridges,
Or weave a dance around the stars
And over rainbow bridges.

I cannot think of them in rows,
Long Alleluias hymning,—
With hearts so ignorant of woes
And eyes that ne'er knew dimming.

More like that in the soundless Void
They run their merry races,
Or mount some vagrant asteroid
And sail about the spaces.

O, if Thy plan is understood,—
And 'tis a hope we cherish,—
Our good shall there grow greater good,
Our evil slowly perish!

Each aim shall find an end to suit,
And, warmed upon Thy bosom,
Our natures flush to perfect fruit,
And theirs to perfect blossom.

And as some lofty, lonely life,
Its solemn work arresting,
Doth turn for respite from the strife
To one shorter hour of jesting;—

So even there among the skies
May thoughts be sometimes straying,
And, sated with sublimities,
Joy in the children's playing!

—*John Hall Ingham.*

SONNETS FROM THE PORTU-
GUESE

XXII.



WHEN our two souls stand up
erect and strong,
Face to face, silent, draw-
ing nigh and nigher,
Until the lengthening wings
break into fire
At either curved point, — what bitter
wrong
Can the earth do to us, that we should
not long
Be here contented? Think! In
mounting higher,
The angels would press on us and
aspire
To drop some golden orb of perfect
song
Into our deep, dear silence. Let us stay
Rather on earth, Beloved,—where the
unfit
Contrarious moods of men recoil away
And isolate pure spirits, and permit
A place to stand and love in for a day,
With darkness and the death-hour round-
ing it.

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XLIII.

How do I love thee? Let me count the
ways.

I love thee to the depth and breadth
and height

My soul can reach, when feeling out
of sight

For the ends of Being and ideal Grace.

I love thee to the level of every day's
Most quiet need, by sun and candlelight.

I love thee freely, as men strive for
Right;

I love thee purely, as they turn from
Praise.

I love thee with the passion put to use
In my old griefs, and with my child-
hood's faith.

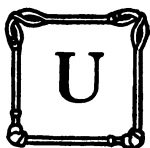
I love thee with a love I seem'd to lose
With my lost saints,—I love thee with
the breath,

Smiles, tears, of all my life!—and, if
God choose,

I shall but love thee better after death.

—*Elizabeth Barrett Browning.*

REQUIEM



UNDER the wide and starry
sky,
Dig the grave and let me lie,
Glad did I live and gladly
die,
And I laid me down with a will.

This be the verse you grave for me:
Here he lies, where he longed to be;
Home is the sailor, home from the sea,
And the hunter home from the hill.

—*Robert Louis Stevenson.*

RECESSIONAL



OD of our fathers, known of
old—

Lord of our far-flung battle
line—

Beneath whose awful hand we
hold

Dominion over palm and pine—
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

The tumult and the shouting dies—
The Captains and the Kings depart—
Still stands Thine ancient sacrifice,
An humble and a contrite heart.
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

Far-called our navies melt away—
On dune and headland sinks the fire—
Lo, all our pomp of yesterday
Is one with Ninevah and Tyre!
Judge of the Nations, spare us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

If, drunk with sight of power, we loose
Wild tongues that have not Thee in
awe—

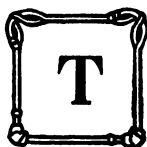
Such boastings as the Gentiles use,
Or lesser breeds without the Law—
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

For heathen heart that puts her trust
In reeking tube and iron shard—
All valiant dust that builds on dust,
And guarding calls not Thee to guard.
For frantic boast and foolish word,
Thy Mercy on Thy People, Lord!

Amen.

—*Rudyard Kipling.*

**“THEREFORE TO WHOM
TURN I?”**



THEREFORE to whom turn I
but to thee, the ineffable
Name?

Builder and maker, thou, of
houses not made with
hands!

What, have fear of change from thee who
art ever the same?

Doubt that thy power can fill the heart
that thy power expands?

There shall never be one lost good! What
was, shall live as before;

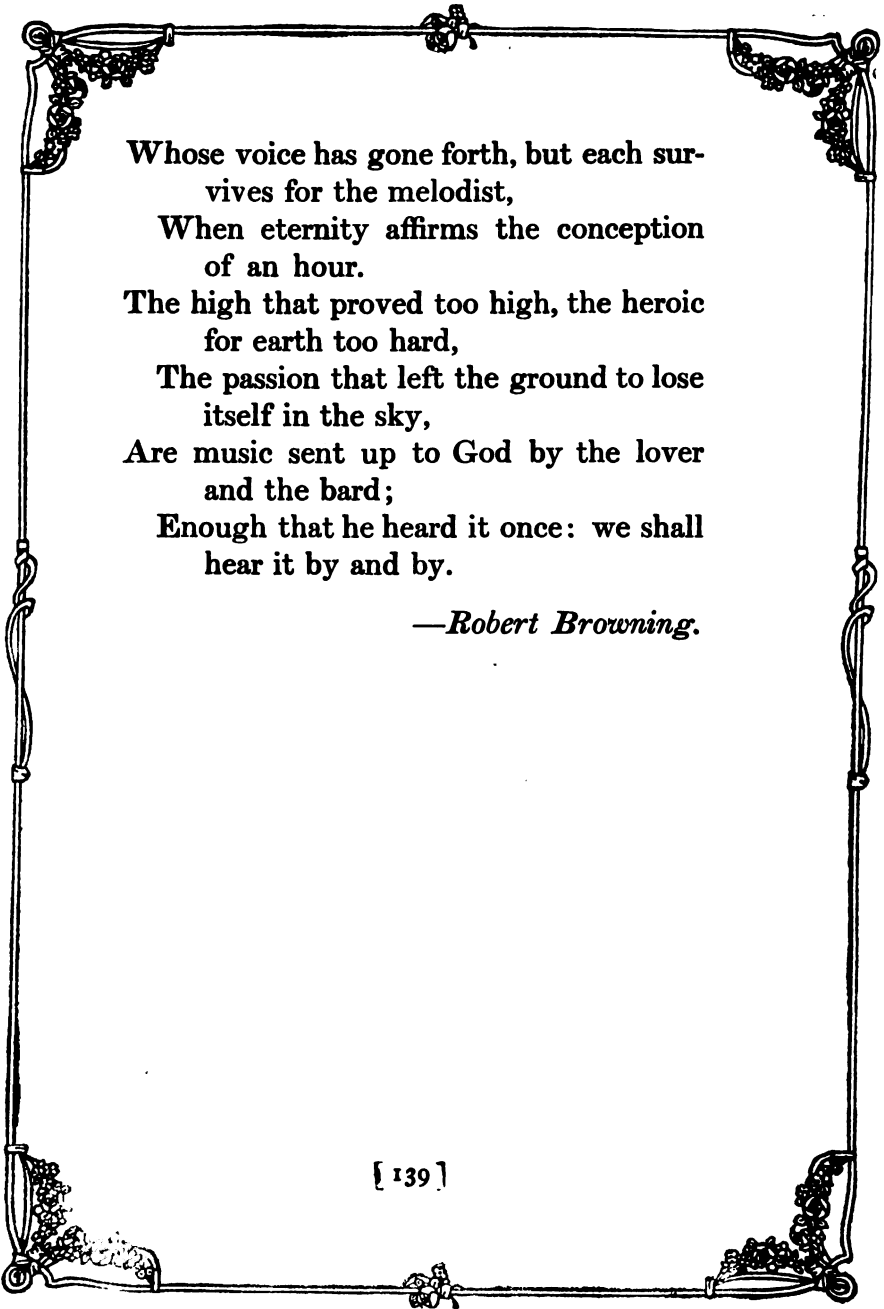
The evil is null, is naught, is silence
implying sound;

What was good, shall be good, with, for
evil, so much good more;

On the earth, the broken arc; in the
heaven, a perfect round.

All we have willed or hoped or dreamed
of good, shall exist;

Not its semblance, but itself; no beauty,
nor good, nor power



Whose voice has gone forth, but each sur-
vives for the melodist,
When eternity affirms the conception
of an hour.
The high that proved too high, the heroic
for earth too hard,
The passion that left the ground to lose
itself in the sky,
Are music sent up to God by the lover
and the bard;
Enough that he heard it once: we shall
hear it by and by.

—*Robert Browning.*

HE'D NOTHING BUT HIS VIOLIN



E'D nothing but his violin,
I'd nothing but my song;
But we were wed when skies
were blue
And summer days were
long;
And when we rested by the hedge,
The robins came and told
How they had dared to woo and win,
When early Spring was cold.

We sometimes supped on dew-berries,
Or slept among the hay,
But oft the farmers' wives at eve
Came out to hear us play;
The rare old songs, the dear old tunes,—
We could not starve for long
While my man had his violin
And I my sweet love-song.

—*Mary Kyle Dallas.*



EVENING



VE MARIA—blessed be the
hour,
The time, the clime, the
spot, where I so oft
Have felt that moment in its
fullest power
Sink o'er the earth so beautiful and
soft,
While swung the deep bell in the distant
tower,
Or the faint dying day him stole aloft,
And not a breath crept through the rosy
air,
And yet the forest leaves seemed stirred
with prayer.

* * * *

O Hesperus! thou bringest all good
things,—
Home to the weary, to the hungry
cheer,
To the young bird the parent's brooding
wings,
The welcome stall to the o'er-labored
steer;

Whate'er of peace about our hearthstone
clings,
Whate'er our household gods protect
of dear,
Are gathered round us by thy look of
rest;
Thou bring'st the child, too, to the
mother's breast.

Soft hour! which wakes the wish and
melts the heart
Of those who sail the seas, on the first
day
When they from their sweet friends are
torn apart;
Or fills with love the pilgrim on his
way,
As the far bell of vesper makes him
start,
Seeming to weep the dying day's
decay:
Is this a fancy which our reason scorns?
Ah! surely nothing dies but something
mourns.

—*Lord Byron.*

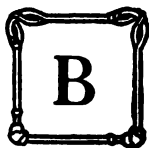
HARK, HARK! THE LARK

HARK, hark! the lark at
heaven's gate sings,
And Phœbus 'gins arise,
His steeds to water at those
springs

On chalice'd flower that lies;
And winking Mary-buds begin
To ope their golden eyes;
With everything that pretty bin,
My lady sweet, arise!

—*William Shakespeare.*

COLUMBUS



BEHIND him lay the gray
Azores,
Behind the Gates of Her-
cules;

Before him not the ghost of
shores,

Before him only shoreless seas.

The good mate said: "Now must we
pray,

For lo! the very stars are gone.

Brave Admiral, speak! what shall I
say?"

"Why, say 'Sail on! sail on! and
on!'"

"My men grow mutinous day by day;
My men grow ghastly wan and weak."

The stout mate thought of home; a
spray

Of salt wave washed his swarthy
cheek.

"What shall I say, brave Admiral, say,
If we sight naught but seas at
dawn?"

"Why, you shall say at break of day,
'Sail on! sail on! sail on! and on!'"

They sailed and sailed as winds might
blow,

Until at last the blanched mate said:
"Why, now not even God would know
Should I and all my men fall dead.

These very winds forget their way,

For God from these dread seas is gone.
Now speak, brave Admiral, speak and
say"—

He said: "Sail on! sail on! and on!"

They sailed. They sailed. Then spake
the mate:

"This mad sea shows his teeth to-
night.

He curls his lip, he lies in wait,

With lifted teeth, as if to bite!

Brave Admiral, say but one good word:

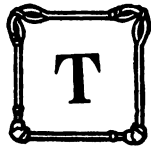
What shall we do when hope is gone?"

The words leapt like a leaping sword:

"Sail on! sail on! sail on! and on!"

—*Joaquin Miller.*

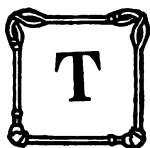
SONG FROM "PIPPA PASSES"



THE year's at the spring,
And day's at the morn;
Morning's at seven;
The hill-side's dew-pearl'd;
The lark's on the wing;
The snail's on the thorn;
God's in His heaven—
All's right with the world.

—*Robert Browning.*

MERCY



THE quality of mercy is not strained,—

It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven

To the place beneath: it is twice blessed,—

It blesseth him that gives and him that takes:

'Tis mightiest in the mightiest; it becomes

The thronèd monarch better than his crown;

His sceptre shows the force of temporal power,

The attribute to awe and majesty,
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings;

But mercy is above this sceptred sway,—

It is enthronèd in the hearts of kings,

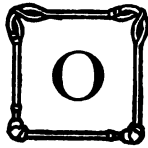
It is an attribute to God Himself;

And earthly power doth then show likest God's,

When mercy seasons justice.

—*William Shakespeare.*

QUIET WORK

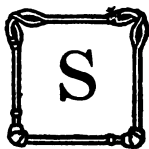


ONE lesson, Nature, let me
learn of thee,
One lesson which in every
wind is blown,
One lesson of two duties
kept at one,
Though the loud world proclaim their
enmity—
Of toil unsevered from tranquility!
Of labor, that in lasting fruit out-
grows
Far noisier schemes, accomplish'd in
repose,
Too great for haste, too high for rivalry!
Yes, while on earth a thousand discords
ring,
Man's fitful uproar mingling with his
toil,
Still do thy sleepless ministers move on,
Their glorious tasks in silence perfecting:
Still working, blaming still our vain
turmoil,
Labors that shall not fail when man is
gone.

—*Matthew Arnold.*

[148]

AT NIGHT



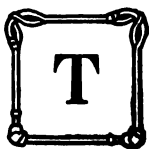
OMETIMES when Darkness
spread for me her robe
of rest,
And Silence guarded by,
The Night-bird, Sleep, would
startle from her nest,
Stirred by the baby's cry.

When night is deepest now, again and
yet again
I lie with wide eyes wet:
It was his little cry which waked me
then:
His silence wakes me yet.

—*Edmund Vance Cooke.*

APOSTROPHE TO THE OCEAN

[From "Childe Harold"]



HERE is a pleasure in the
pathless woods,
There is a rapture on the
lonely shore,
There is society, where none
intrudes,
By the deep sea, and music in its
roar :
I love not Man the less, but Nature
more,
From these our interviews, in which I
steal
From all I may be, or have been
before,
To mingle with the Universe, and feel
What I can ne'er express, yet cannot
all conceal.

Roll on, thou deep and dark blue
Ocean—roll !
Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee
in vain ;

[150]

Man marks the earth with ruin — his
control
Stops with the shore ; — upon the
watery plain
The wrecks are all thy deed, nor doth
remain
A shadow of man's ravage, save his
own,
When, for a moment, like a drop of
rain,
He sinks into thy depths with bubbling
groan,
Without a grave, unknelled, uncoffined
and unknown.

The armaments which thunderstrike the
walls
Of rock-built cities, bidding nations
quake,
And monarchs tremble in their capitals,
The oak leviathans, whose huge ribs
make
Their clay creator the vain title take
Of lord of thee, and arbiter of war;
These are thy toys, and, as the snowy
flake,

They melt into thy yeast of waves, which
mar
Alike the Armada's pride or spoils of
Trafalgar.

Thy shores are empires, changed in all
save thee—
Assyria, Greece, Rome, Carthage, what
are they?
Thy waters washed them power while
they were free,
And many a tyrant since; their shores
obey
The stranger, slave or savage; their
decay
Has dried up realms to deserts:—not so
thou;—
Unchangeable save to thy wild waves'
play—
Time writes no wrinkle on thine azure
brow—
Such as creation's dawn beheld, thou
rollest now.

Thou glorious mirror, where the
Almighty's form
Glasses itself in tempests; in all time,

[152]

Calm or convulsed—in breeze or gale or
storm,

Icing the pole, or in the torrid clime
Dark-heaving;—boundless, endless and
sublime—

The image of eternity—the throne
Of the Invisible; even from out thy
slime

The monsters of the deep are made:
each zone

Obeys thee: thou goest forth, dread,
fathomless, alone.

—*Lord Byron.*

MADONNA MIA

A

LILY-GIRL, not made for
this world's pain,
With soft brown hair close
braided by her ears,
And longing eyes half veiled
by slumberous tears
Like bluest water seen through mists of
rain :
Pale cheeks whereon no love hath left its
stain,
Red underlip drawn in for fear of love,
And white throat, whiter than the sil-
vered dove,
Through whose wan marble creeps one
purple vein.
Yet, though my lips shall praise her
without cease,
Even to kiss her feet I am not bold,
Being o'ershadowed by the wings of
awe.
Like Dante, when he stood with Beatrice
Beneath the flaming lion's breast, and
saw
The seventh Crystal and the Stair of
Gold.

—*Oscar Wilde.*

THE SONG OF THE CAMP



“GIVE us a song!” the soldiers
cried,
The outer trenches guard-
ing,
When the heated guns of
the camps allied
Grew weary of bombarding.
The dark Redan, in silent scoff,
Lay grim and threatening under,
And the tawny mound of the Malakoff
No longer belched its thunder.
There was a pause. A guardsman said:
“We storm the forts to-morrow;
Sing while we may, another day
Will bring enough of sorrow.”
They lay along the battery’s side,
Below the smoking cannon:
Brave hearts, from Severn and from
Clyde,
And from the banks of Shannon.
They sang of love, and not of fame;
Forgot was Britain’s glory:
Each heart recalled a different name,
But all sang “Annie Laurie.”

[155]

Voice after voice caught up the song,
Until its tender passion
Rose like an anthem, rich and strong,—
Their battle-eve confession.

Dear girl, her name he dared not speak,
But, as the song grew louder,
Something upon the soldier's cheek
Washed off the stains of powder.

Beyond the darkening ocean burned
The bloody sunset's embers,
While the Crimean valleys learned
How English love remembers.

And once again a fire of hell
Rained on the Russian quarters,
With scream of shot, and burst of shell,
And bellowing of the mortars!

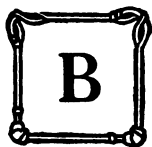
And Irish Nora's eyes are dim
For a singer, dumb and gory;
And English Mary mourns for him
Who sang of "Annie Laurie."

Sleep, soldiers! Still in honored rest
Your truth and valor wearing:
The bravest are the tenderest,—
The loving are the daring.

—*Bayard Taylor*

[156]

BREAK, BREAK, BREAK



REAK, break, break,
On thy cold gray stones,
O Sea!
And I would that my tongue
could utter
The thoughts that arise in me.

O well for the fisherman's boy,
That he shouts with his sister at play!
O well for the sailor lad,
That he sings in his boat on the bay!

And the stately ships go on
To their haven under the hill;
But O for the touch of a vanish'd hand
And the sound of a voice that is still!

Break, break, break,
At the foot of thy crags, O Sea!
But the tender grace of a day that is dead
Will never come back to me.

—*Alfred, Lord Tennyson.*

THE BABY



HERE did you come from
baby dear?
Out of the everywhere into
here.


Where did you get those eyes so blue?
Out of the sky as I came through.

What makes the light in them sparkle
and spin?
Some of the starry spikes left in.

Where did you get that little tear?
I found it waiting when I got here.

What makes your forehead so smooth
and high?
A soft hand stroked it as I went by.

What makes your cheek like a warm
white rose?
I saw something better than any one
knows.



Whence that three-cornered smile of
bliss?

Three angels gave me at once a kiss.

Where did you get this pearly ear?
God spoke, and it came out to hear.

Where did you get those arms and
hands?

Love made itself into bonds and bands.

Feet, whence did you come, you darling
things?

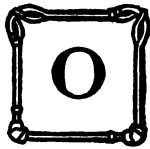
From the same box as the cherub's
wings.

How did they all just come to be you?
God thought about me, and so I grew.

But how did you come to us, dear?
God thought about you, and so I am
here.

—*George MacDonald.*

**O LITTLE TOWN OF
BETHLEHEM**



**LITTLE town of Bethle-
hem,
How still we see thee lie!
Above thy deep and dream-
less sleep**

**The silent stars go by;
Yet in thy dark streets shineth
The everlasting Light;
The hopes and fears of all the years
Are met in thee to-night.**

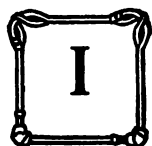
**For Christ is born of Mary,
And, gathered all above,
While mortals sleep, the angels keep
Their watch of wandering love.
O morning stars, together
Proclaim the holy birth!
And praises sing to God the King,
And peace to men on earth.**

How silently, how silently,
The wondrous gift is given!
So God imparts to human hearts
The blessings of His heaven.
No ear may hear His coming,
But in this world of sin,
Where meek souls will receive Him still,
The dear Christ enters in.

O holy Child of Bethlehem !
Descend to us, we pray ;
Cast out our sin and enter in,
Be born in us to-day.
We hear the Christmas angels
The great glad tidings tell ;
Oh, come to us, abide with us,
Our Lord Emmanuel.

—*Phillips Brooks.*

IO VICTIS



SING the hymn of the conquered, who fell in the
Battle of Life,—
The hymn of the wounded,
the beaten, who died
overwhelmed in the strife;
Not the jubilant song of the victors, for
whom the resounding acclaim
Of nations was lifted in chorus, whose
brows wore the chaplet of fame,
But the hymn of the low and the humble,
the weary, the broken in heart,
Who strove and who failed, acting bravely
a silent and desperate part;
Whose youth bore no flower on its
branches, whose hopes burned in
ashes away,
From whose hands slipped the prize they
had grasped at, who stood at the
dying of day
With the wreck of their life all around
them, unpitied, unheeded, alone,
With Death swooping down o'er their
failure, and all but their faith over-
thrown.

While the voice of the world shouts its
chorus,—its pæan for those who
have won;

While the trumpet is sounding triumph-
ant and high to the breeze and the
sun,

Glad banners are waving, hands clapping,
and hurrying feet

Thronging after the laurel-crowned vic-
tors, I stand on the field of defeat,

In the shadow, with those who have
fallen, the wounded and dying, and
there

Chant a requiem low, place my hand on
their pain-knotted brows, breathe a
prayer,

Hold the hand that is helpless, and whis-
per: "They only the victory win,

Who have fought the good fight, and
have vanquished the demon that
tempts us within;

Who have held to their faith unseduced
by the prize that the world holds on
high;

Who have dared for a high cause to
suffer, resist, fight,—if need be, to
die."

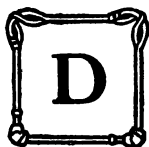
Speak, History! Who are Life's victors?
Unroll thy long annals and say,

Are they those whom the world called
the victors—who won the success
of a day?

The martyrs, or Nero? The Spartans,
who fell at Thermopylæ's tryst,
Or the Persians and Xerxes? His judges
or Socrates? Pilate or Christ?

—*William Wetmore Story.*

LOVE'S PRAYER



DEAR LORD! Kind Lord!
Gracious Lord! I pray
Thou wilt look on all I love,
Tenderly to-day!
Weed their hearts of weariness;
Scatter every care,
Down a wake of angel wings
Winnowing the air.

Bring unto the sorrowing
All release from pain;
Let the lips of laughter
Overflow again;
And with all the needy
O divide, I pray,
This vast treasure of content
That is mine to-day!

—*James Whitcomb Riley.*

THE HAPPIEST HEART



HO drive the horses of the
sun

Shall lord it but a day;
Better the lowly deed were
done,

And kept the humble way.

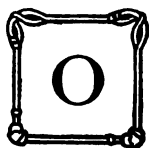
The rust will find the sword of fame,
The dust will hide the crown;
Ay, none shall nail so high his name
Time will not tear it down.

The happiest heart that ever beat
Was in some quiet breast
That found the common daylight sweet,
And left to Heaven the rest.

—*John Vance Cheney.*

THE SLEEP

He giveth His beloved sleep.—*Psalms* cxxvii., 2.



O F all the thoughts of God
that are
Borne inward unto souls afar,
Along the Psalmist's music
deep,

Now tell me if that any is,
For gift or grace, surpassing this:
“He giveth His beloved—sleep?”

What would we give to our beloved?
The hero's heart to be unmoved,
The poet's star-tuned harp to sweep,
The patriot's voice to teach and rouse,
The monarch's crown to light the brows?
He giveth His beloved—sleep.

What do we give to our beloved?
A little faith all undisproved,
A little dust to overweep,
And bitter memories to make
The whole earth blasted for our sake:
He giveth His beloved—sleep.

“Sleep soft, beloved!” we sometimes
say,

Who have no tune to charm away
Sad dreams that through the eyelids
creep:

But never doleful dream again
Shall break the happy slumber when
He giveth His belovèd—sleep.

O earth, so full of dreary noises!
O men, with wailing in your voices!
O delved gold, the wailers heap!
O strife, O curse, that o’er it fall!
God strikes a silence through you all,
And giveth His belovèd—sleep.

His dews drop mutely on the hill,
His cloud above it saileth still,
Though on its slope men sow and
reap:
More softly than the dew is shed,
Or cloud is floated overhead,
He giveth His belovèd—sleep.

Ay, men may wonder while they scan
A living, thinking, feeling man

Confirmed in such a rest to keep;
But angels say, and through the word
I think their happy smile is *heard*—
“He giveth His belovèd—sleep.”

For me, my heart that erst did go
Most like a tired child at a show,
That sees through tears the murmurs
leap,
Would now its wearied vision close,
Would childlike on His love repose,
Who giveth His belovèd—sleep.

And friends, dear friends, when it shall be
That this low breath is gone from me,
And round my bier ye come to weep,
Let One, most loving of you all,
Say “Not a tear must o’er her fall!
He giveth His belovèd sleep.”

—*Elizadeth Barrett Browning.*

EVENING SONG

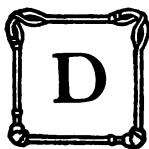
LOOK off, dear Love, across
the fallow sands,
And mark yon meeting of
the sun and sea;
How long they kiss in sight
of all the lands!
Ah, longer, longer we.

Now in the sea's red vintage melts the
sun,
As Egypt's pearl dissolved in rosy
wine,
And Cleopatra Night drinks all. 'Tis
done!
Love, lay thy hand in mine.

Come forth, sweet stars, and comfort
heaven's heart;
Glimmer, ye waves, round else un-
lighted sands;
O Night, divorce our sun and moon
apart,—
Never our lips, our hands.

—*Sidney Lanier.*

TO MY SON



O you remember, my sweet,
absent son,
How in the soft June days
forever done
You loved the heavens so
warm and clear and high;
And when I lifted you, soft came your
cry:
“Put me ’way up—’way up in the blue
sky?”

I laughed and said I could not; set you
down,
Your gray eyes wonder-filled beneath
that crown
Of bright hair gladdening me as you
raced by.
Another Father now, more strong
than I,
Has borne you voiceless to your dear
blue sky.

—*George Parsons Lathrop.*

SUNRISE



THE sky is laced with fitful
red,
The circling mists and
shadows flee,
The dawn is rising from
the sea,
Like a white lady from her bed.

And jagged brazen arrows fall
Athwart the feathers of the night,
And a long wave of yellow light
Breaks silently on tower and hall.

And spreading wide across the wold
Wakes into flight some fluttering bird,
And all the chestnut tops are stirred
And all the branches streaked with gold.

—*Oscar Wilde.*

TO A SKYLARK



AIL to thee, blithe spirit!

Bird thou never wert,
That from heaven, or near it,
Pourest thy full heart

In profuse strains of unpre-
meditated art.

Higher and still higher,

From the earth thou springest

Like a cloud of fire;

The blue deep thou wingest,
And singing still dost soar, and soaring
ever singest.

In the golden lightning

Of the sunken sun,

O'er which clouds are brightening,

Thou dost float and run;

Like an unbodied joy whose race is just
begun.

The pale purple even

Melts around thy flight;

Like a star of heaven,

In the broad daylight

Thou art unseen, but yet I hear thy shrill
delight.

[173]

Keen are the arrows
Of that silver sphere,
Whose intense lamp narrows
In the white dawn clear,
Until we hardly see, we feel that it is
there.

All the earth and air
With thy voice is loud.
As, when night is bare,
From one lonely cloud
The moon rains out her beams, and
heaven is overflowed.

What thou art we know not;
What is most like thee?
From rainbow clouds there flow not
Drops so bright to see,
As from thy presence showers a rain of
melody.

Like a poet hidden
In the light of thought,
Singing hymns unbidden,
Till the world is wrought
To sympathy with hopes and fears it
heeded not:

[174]

Like a high-born maiden
In a palace-tower,
Soothing her love-laden
Soul in secret hour
With music sweet as love, which over-
flows her bower:

Like a glow-worm golden
In a dell of dew,
Scattering unbeholden
Its aerial hue
Among the flowers and grass, which
screen it from view:

Like a rose embowered
In its own green leaves,
By warm winds deflowered,
Till the scent it gives
Makes faint with too much sweet these
heavy-wingèd thieves.

Sound of vernal showers
On the twinkling grass,
Rain-awakened flowers,
All that ever was
Joyous, and clear, and fresh, thy music
doth surpass.

Teach us, sprite or bird,
What sweet thoughts are thine :
I have never heard
Praise of love or wine
That panted forth a flood of rapture so
divine.

Chorus hymeneal,
Or triumphant chant,
Matched with thine would be all
But an empty vaunt,—
A thing wherein we feel there is some
hidden want.

What objects are the fountains
Of thy happy strain?
What fields, or waves, or mountains?
What shapes of sky or plain?
What love of thine own kind? what
ignorance of pain?

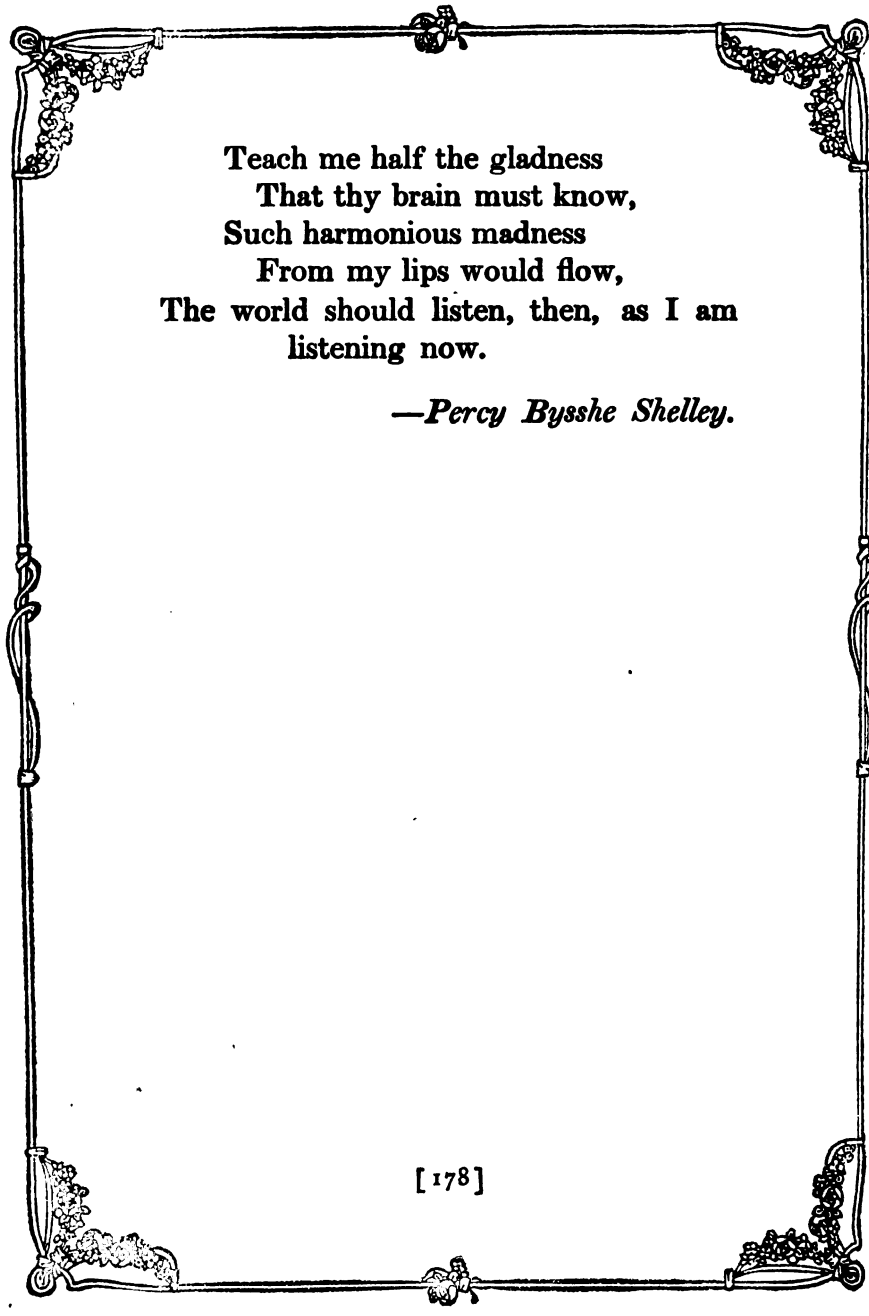
With thy clear keen joyance
Languor cannot be:
Shadow of annoyance
Never came near thee:
Thou lovest; but ne'er knew love's sad
satiety.

Waking or asleep,
Thou of death must deem
Things more true and deep
Than we mortals dream,
Or how could thy notes flow in such a
crystal stream?

We look before and after,
And pine for what is not:
Our sincerest laughter
With some pain is fraught;
Our sweetest songs are those that tell of
saddest thought.

Yet if we could scorn
Hate, and pride, and fear;
If we were things born
Not to shed a tear,
I know not how thy joy we ever should
come near.

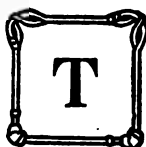
Better than all measures
Of delightful sound,
Better than all treasures
That in books are found,
Thy skill to poet were, thou scorner of
the ground!



Teach me half the gladness
That thy brain must know,
Such harmonious madness
From my lips would flow,
The world should listen, then, as I am
listening now.

—*Percy Bysshe Shelley.*

A LIFE-LESSON



HERE! little girl, don't cry!
They have broken your
doll, I know,
And your tea-set blue,
And your play-house, too,
Are things of the long ago;
But childish troubles will soon pass by.
There! little girl, don't cry!

There! little girl, don't cry!
They have broken your slate, I know;
And the glad, wild ways
Of your school-girl days
Are things of the long ago;
But life and love will soon come by.
There! little girl, don't cry!

There! little girl, don't cry!
They have broken your heart, I know;
And the rainbow gleams
Of your youthful dreams
Are things of the long ago;
But Heaven holds all for which you sigh.
There! little girl, don't cry!

—*James Whitcomb Riley.*

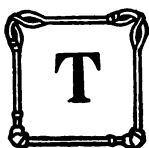
OPPORTUNITY



ASTER of human destinies
am I!
Fame, love and fortune on
my footsteps wait.
Cities and fields I walk; I
penetrate
Deserts and seas remote, and passing by
Hovel and mart and palace—soon or
late
I knock unbidden once at every gate!
“If sleeping, wake—if feasting, rise
before
I turn away. It is the hour of fate,
And they who follow me reach every
state
Mortals desire, and conquer every foe
Save death; but those who doubt or
hesitate,
Condemned to failure, penury and woe,
Sue me in vain and uselessly implore.
I answer not, and I return no more!”

—*John James Ingalls.*

THE CHAMBERED NAUTILUS



T HIS is the ship of pearl,
which, poets feign,
Sails the unshadowed main,—
The venturous bark that flings
On the sweet summer wind
its purpled wings
In gulfs enchanted, where the Siren sings,
And coral reefs lie bare,
Where the cold sea-maids rise to sun
their streaming hair.
Its webs of living gauze no more unfurl;
Wrecked is the ship of pearl!
And every chambered cell,
Where its dim dreaming life was wont to
dwell,
As the frail tenant shaped his growing
shell,
Before thee lies revealed,—
Its irised ceiling rent, its sunless crypt
unsealed!
Year after year beheld the silent toil
That spread his lustrous coil;
Still, as the spiral grew,
He left the past year's dwelling for the
new,

[181]

Stole with soft step its shining archway
through,
Built up its idle door,
Stretched in his last-found home, and
knew the old no more.

Thanks for the heavenly message brought
by thee,
Child of the wandering sea,
Cast from her lap, forlorn!
From thy dead lips a clearer note is born
Than ever Triton blew from wreathèd
horn!

While on mine ear it rings,
Through the deep caves of thought I hear
a voice that sings:—

Build thee more stately mansions, O my
soul,
As the swift seasons roll!
Leave thy low-vaulted past!
Let each temple, nobler than the last,
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more
vast,
Till thou at length art free,
Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's
unresting sea!

—*Oliver Wendell Holmes.*

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THE BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE



NOT a drum was heard, nor a
funeral note,
As his corpse to the ram-
part we hurried;

Not a soldier discharged his
farewell shot

O'er the grave where our hero we
buried.

We buried him darkly, at dead of night,
The sod with our bayonets turning;
By the struggling moonbeams' misty
light

And the lantern dimly burning.

No useless coffin enclosed his breast,
Not in sheet or in shroud we wound
him;

But he lay like a warrior taking his rest,
With his martial cloak around him.

Few and short were the prayers we said,
And we spoke not a word of sorrow;
But we steadfastly gazed on the face that
was dead,

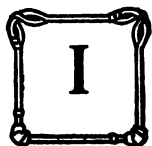
And we bitterly thought of the mor-
row.

[183]

We thought, as we hollowed his narrow
bed
And smoothed down his lonely pillow,
That the foe and the stranger would tread
o'er his head,
And we far away on the billow.
Lightly they'll talk of the spirit that's
gone
And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him,—
But little he'll reck, if they let him
sleep on
In the grave where a Briton has laid
him.
But half of our heavy task was done
When the clock struck the hour for
retiring:
And we heard the distant and random
gun
That the foe was sullenly firing.
Slowly and sadly we laid him down,
From the field of his fame fresh and
gory;
We carved not a line, and we raised not
a stone—
But we left him alone with his glory.

—C. Wolfe.

HYMN TO THE NIGHT



HEARD the trailing gar-
ments of the Night
Sweep through her marble
halls!

I saw her sable skirts all
fringed with light
From the celestial walls!

I felt her presence, by its spell of might,
Stoop o'er me from above;
The calm, majestic presence of the Night,
As of the one I love.

I heard the sounds of sorrow and delight,
The manifold, soft chimes,
That fill the haunted chambers of the
Night,
Like some old poet's rhymes.

From the cool cisterns of the midnight
air
My spirit drank repose;
The fountain of perpetual peace flows
there,—
From those deep cisterns flows.

O holy Night! from thee I learn to bear
What man has borne before!
Thou layest thy finger on the lips of
Care,
And they complain no more.

Peace! Peace! Orestes-like I breathe
this prayer!
Descend with broad-winged flight,
The welcome, the thrice prayed for, the
most fair,
The best-beloved Night!

—*Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.*

CROSSING THE BAR



UNSET and evening star,
And one clear call for me!
And may there be no moan-
ing of the bar,
When I put out to sea.

But such a tide as moving seems asleep,
Too full for sound and foam,
When that which drew from out the
boundless deep
Turns again home.

Twilight and evening bell
And after that the dark!
And may there be no sadness of farewell
When I embark;

For tho' from out our bourne of Time
and Place
The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot face to face
When I have cross'd the bar.

—*Alfred, Lord Tennyson.*

